JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 16, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1422.

THE TRAGIC STARVATION ARMY SEE PAGE 5

JOHN BULL

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How do you wash them?

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

Persil

A. With Persil in lukewarm water. It's the safest way there is for washing all delicate materials.

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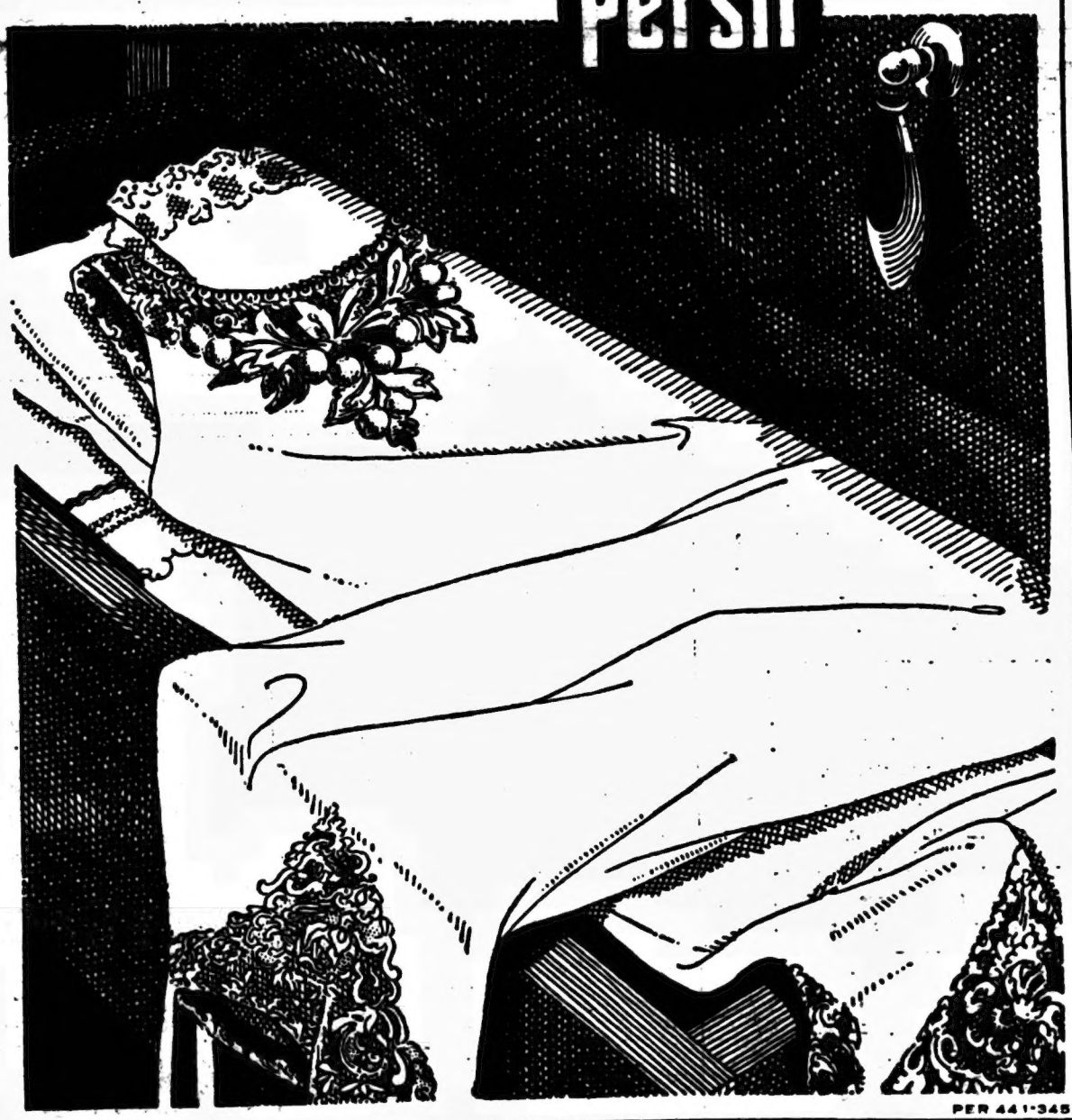

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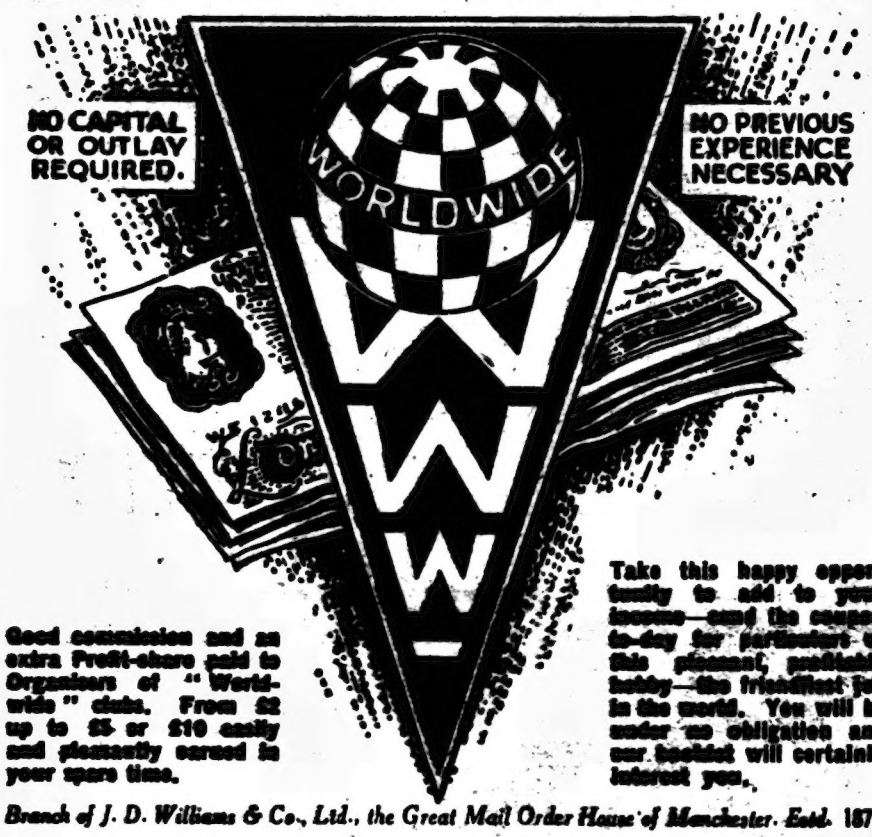

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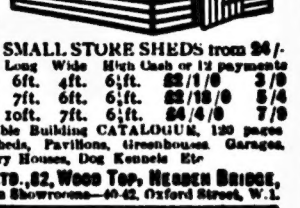

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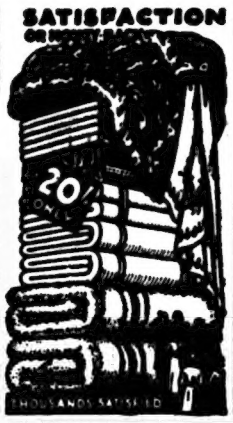

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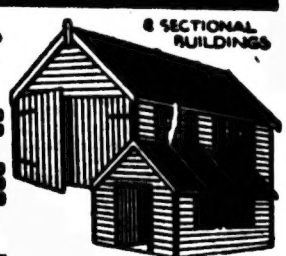

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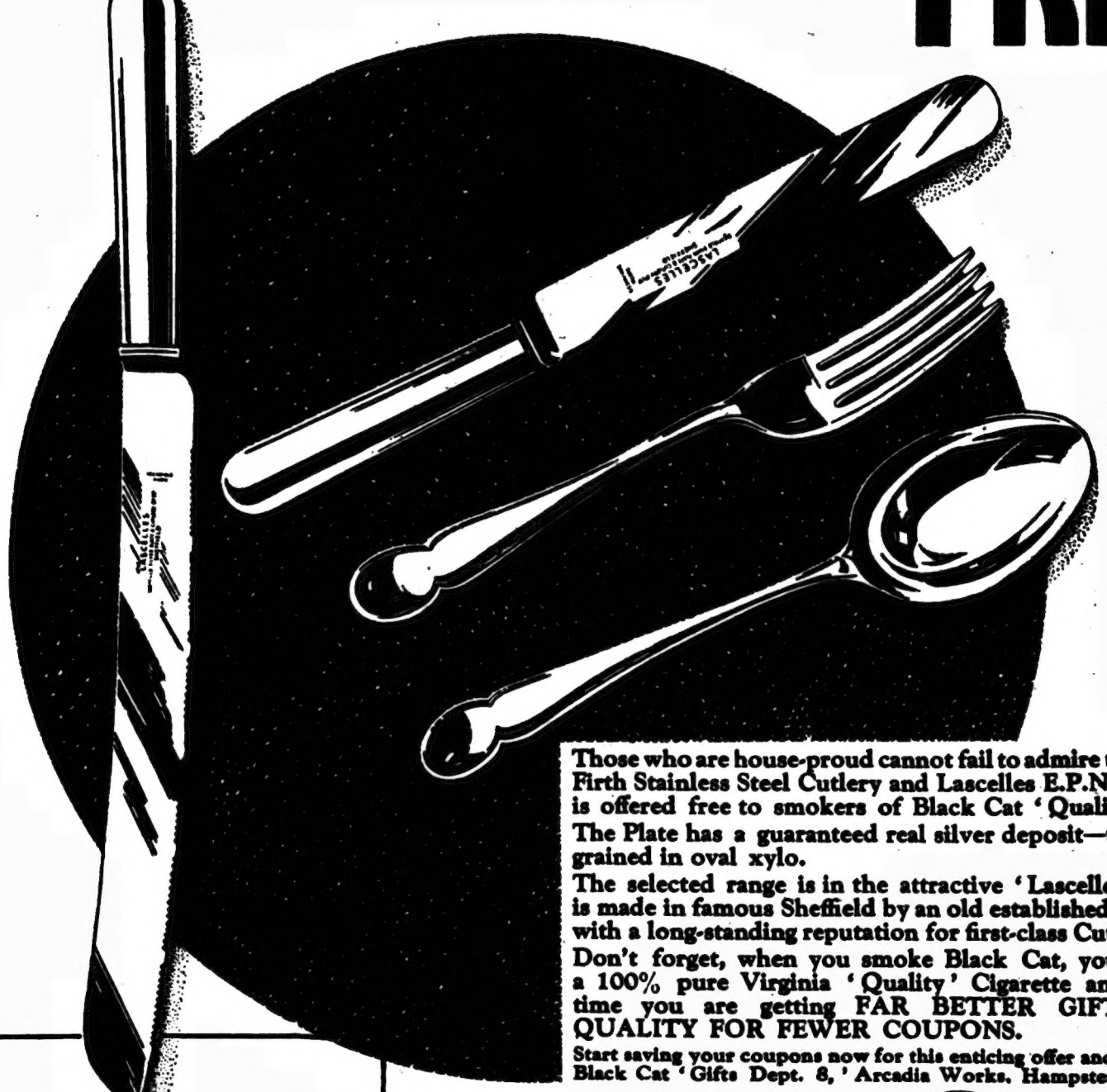

Those who are house-proud cannot fail to admire this fine offer of Firth Stainless Steel Cutlery and Lascelles E.P.N.S. Plate which is offered free to smokers of Black Cat 'Quality' Cigarettes.
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The Starvation ARMY

The hand of starvation rests on his shoulder—and on 200,000 of his fellows, too

—Tragedy of the Black-Coat

"I KNOW a member of the Bar who told me, and I have no reason to disbelieve him, that he had his last good meal last Friday."

Thus Mr. J. A. Cairns, the Westminster magistrate, on a certain Tuesday in his court recently.

His remarks were addressed to a wealthy "drunk," a man with £2,000 a year, who was appearing in that court for more than the first occasion.

Mr. Cairns was pleading with the man in the dock to pull himself together, suggesting that he might do so by taking an interest in people less fortunate than himself.

Then he quoted the above example.

But we have not mentioned this little parable of the courts for the mere sake of dwelling on the ironic contrast between the starving barrister and the £2,000 a year "drunk."

According to authoritative estimates, there are over 200,000 men in this country who are in more or less the same position as Mr. Cairns' barrister friend. They are the vast army of the "black coat" unemployed, a lost legion whom nobody seems to care about.

Actual figures regarding their number are not available, since the Ministry of Labour has no official dealings with them.

NONE of them has ever qualified for unemployment insurance, and the record of those who have reached the lowest depths are buried in the "poor law" lists, which do not provide an analysis of occupations which have drawn relief.

In all the grim tragedy of nation-wide unemployment, the plight of the "black coats" is the most poignant note; all the more so because it is hidden.

The other day a match-seller was knocked down in a London street by a skidding 'bus. In the hospital he grew gradually worse from his injuries. Then the doctors discovered that what was retarding his recovery was the man's agony of mind about the fate of his wife and two children left penniless in the back room which they occupied.

He had once been a skilled engineering draughtsman earning £400 a year in a North Country shipyard. Five years ago the slump closed the yard and he had never worked since.

Home gone, savings gone, friends gone and no unemployment relief, because his earnings had always been beyond the limit imposed by the Act, the end of the journey for him was a match-selling pitch and a back room.

Again, a Midlands coroner recently held an inquest on a man of thirty-five who had committed suicide. He had been a foreign despatch clerk earning £350 a year in a textile firm. His firm went into an economy merger, and he lost his job.

His wife died after his first two years' unemployment—of tuberculosis brought on, presumably, by malnutrition. After the third year's futile search for work without "dole" or any further prospects, he ended it in a gas-filled room.

These two instances are gleaned from scores more whose tragedy has earned for each one a place in a news report.

Every week in every town, trade depression, economy, rationalisation, other causes, swell the total of the "black coat" unemployed.

What is being done to help them, to assist them, even with the State "dole" provided for other unemployed workers? So far as we know—nothing. Except that in the final issue there are the Poor Law authorities and the workhouse.

FOR years past various associations of professional workers have urged upon the Government to bring the "black coats" into the insurance scheme by raising the earnings limit.

The "Dole Commission" recommended in its report that everybody earning up to £350 a year should be brought within the provisions of the new Act. What hope is there of that recommendation being carried out?

A group of anonymous officials in Whitehall is now struggling with the drafting of the new Unemployment Bill which is to be served up to the House of Commons after the recess. It has been at it all through the holiday period juggling with the most brain-dizzying mass of facts and figures in the history of government.

Its contents are secret. The Cabinet, after squabbling over its proposals for a whole year, has departed for grouse moors and spas after handing it over to the drafters to get on with it.

But a few hints of what it does *not* contain did leak out before they went.

The Prime Minister, asked by Mr. Brendan Bracken, M.P., what steps the Government was taking in the new Bill to alleviate the present hardships of "black coat" unemployed, replied that the recommendations of the Royal Commission were under consideration.

HE said that it would not, however, be possible to provide for any separate treatment. He added that *the best relief which could be given this class of unemployed would be a revival of general trade.*

Into that last masterly utterance the "black coat" workers can read what hope they may.

From the statements of other Ministers it is clear that the only change contemplated for "black coats" and other uninsured workers is that they will draw their present Poor Law relief from a different source.

In other words, the Government intends merely to deodorise the pittance by letting the Minister of Labour pay it out instead of the Poor Law authorities.

There is still time for the Cabinet to make such amendment to the draft of the Bill as will bring much delayed justice to the treatment of a class of worker who has suffered as much, or more, than any other.

If it fails to do so, there is still the House of Commons. And we hope, in that case, that the House still knows how to deal with a Front Bench which can cheerfully ignore, or betray, a great and deserving section of the community.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Mad Masters Who Make Us All Seem Mad

FOREIGNERS talk of the "mad English." We're not surprised. But the madness lies not with the British public, but with some of our mad masters. During the last few days there has been a whole crop of cases which prove this to the hilt.

Number One concerns water. Britain has just completed the world's biggest scheme for producing electricity. Yet on the very day that the last of the "Grid" towers was being erected, the Ministry of Health was sending out an SOS about the drought.

Be economical. Go thirsty. Go dirty.

That's what the Ministry's wail amounted to. It seemed to be justified because cattle were dying, milk supplies running short, epidemics breaking out, and great stretches of beautiful country being destroyed by fire.

Strange contrasts

Yet half the country could have swum in water.

Some cities, drawing their supplies from many miles away, were safe until Christmas even if not a drop of rain fell. While the towns and villages and food-producing farms through which the supply pipes pass were parched!

Strange, isn't it?

Huge streams of electricity and water running through Britain. But people who want electricity can get it only by paying exorbitant prices to the supply companies. And people who want water can't get it at all.

Beer or water?

Still, if the people have no water let them have beer.

If that sounds mad, it's the fault of the Post Office.

A National Temperance Convention was to be held at Preston. A Post Office Temperance Society has existed for more than fifty years, and notices of the Convention were put on staff notice-boards in post offices.

Then someone discovered that they came under the ban of the official rule that prohibits notices of a controversial nature, so they were taken down.

Which is which?

There is more yet. If you are at Southend and go to the beach undressed that's all right. But if you go to the beach and undress that's all wrong.

And if you go to the beach and nobody knows whether you are dressing or undressing you get fined ten shillings!

That is the penalty just paid by a woman who put her underclothes over her bathing suit and then took off her bathing suit.

Idiotic

Well, if she had put on her bathing dress and taken off her underclothes, or if she had put them all on together, or ripped the whole lot off and tried to persuade a seagull that she was throwing it a bun, would she have been dressing or undressing?

No one knows. All the chairman of the Southend Bench said when he fined the lady was: "She could have come down undressed and that would not have been an offence. It all seems idiotic."

It is.

The maddest yet

But the week's craziest happening concerns the workings of the Means Test—which, you may remember, was decided on in the interests of Economy!

Lodging with an unemployed man in Blantyre, Lanarkshire, were two other unemployed families, who paid him 5s. a week in rent.

Then the Means Test inquisitors got busy. They deducted that 5s. from the man's benefit, and he gave his tenants notice to quit.

Trouble and—the cost

The two families, in desperation that was perhaps a little misguided, seized two empty council houses. A lorryload of police came up and raided them.

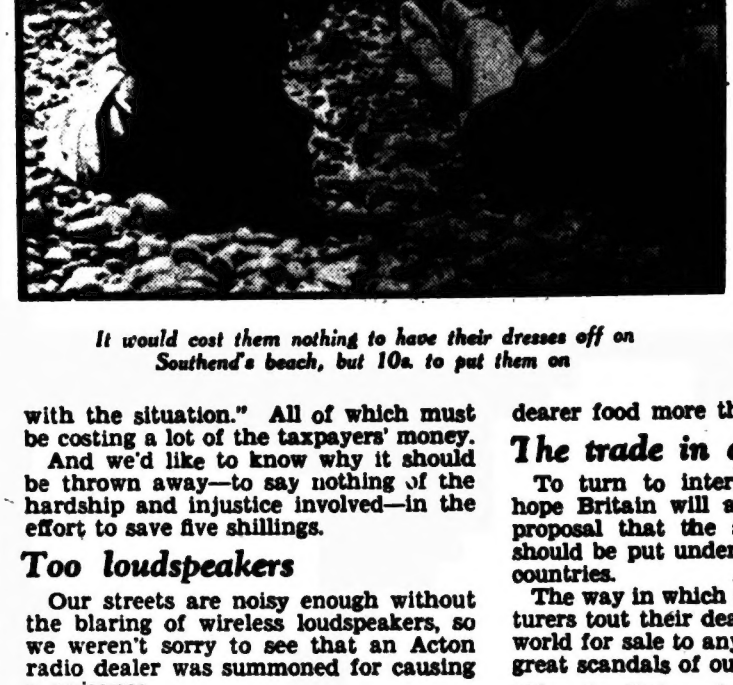
The children were put in an institution. The parents were put in the dock.

Now demonstrations are taking place all over the county, and the police "are making special arrangements to cope with the situation." All of which must be costing a lot of the taxpayers' money.

And we'd like to know why it should be thrown away—to say nothing of the hardship and injustice involved—in the effort to save five shillings.

The Dearer Food Mystery

Good Samaritan Prosecuted



It would cost them nothing to have their dresses off on Southend's beach, but 10s. to put them on

Too loudspeakers

Our streets are noisy enough without the blaring of wireless loudspeakers, so we weren't sorry to see that an Acton radio dealer was summoned for causing a nuisance.

He agreed to show more mercy to his neighbours and was only ordered to pay costs, but we hope that other dealers—and private radio "fans"—will regard the case as a warning to themselves.

Swinging the lead

The latest news about the so-called "war against slums" amply justifies all the hard things we have said about it.

Last April the Ministry of Health asked over 1,700 local councils to prepare schemes for clearing the slums in their areas and to submit those schemes before the end of this month.

So far, less than seventy have done so!

Spoof and humbug

Many protest, in shocked tones, that they have no slums in their areas. We say that most of those protests are the merest spoof and humbug.

We know the Minister of Health was right when he declared that "there are few towns or even villages in which there is not urgent need for action."

Well, what is he going to do? Is he going on talking grandly about the "progress" of his anti-slum campaign when he knows that practically nothing is being done? Or is he going to take action himself?

Shifting the burden

We say he should take action—particularly against such councils as that of Camberwell, which is trying to shift the responsibility for its ghastly slums on to the London County Council, and against such councils as Tilbury and all the others who try to pretend that they have no rotten housing areas.

Sir Hilton Young has vowed his determination to enforce his slum clearance orders. He must not waver because the local authorities treat the problem with callous inhumanity.

Raising the axe

On another matter, however, many councils are putting the Government to shame.

Sheerness Council has just wiped out the wage "cuts" imposed on its employees in 1931. And 20,000 Local Government officers in Cheshire and Lancashire will benefit by a similar action.

Cannot Whitehall take the hint?

Food mystery

Then there is the question of food prices. Bacon, butter, meat, eggs, cheese, milk and bread have all become dearer lately.

We say the Government should make sure that retail prices are not being put up any more than the increase in wholesale prices demands. We have a shrewd suspicion that middlemen are profiting by dearer food more than they should.

The trade in death

To turn to international affairs, we hope Britain will agree to the French proposal that the armaments business should be put under State control in all countries.

The way in which armament manufacturers tout their deadly goods round the world for sale to any buyer is one of the great scandals of our times.

The bulldog breed

Undoubtedly the heroine of the week is twelve-year-old Peggy Roberts, of Pershore, Worcs.

When she went to rescue her bulldog, whose paw had become wedged in some railings, it mauled her face and arm. Still she went on, despite the pain, until she had succeeded.

We have a lot of admiration for Peggy, but we refuse to believe that her pet is a typical bulldog.

Samaritan fined

A very different tale concerns the loss of Sir Alan Cobham's pet terrier at Bury, Lancs.

Five days after the loss was reported, a young man named Sharples turned up at the police station with the dog. The police promptly summoned him for unlawfully detaining the dog, and he was ordered to pay costs.

Yet it was not denied that Sharples had found the dog hungry, tired and collarless and had nursed it back to health!

We can only say how glad we are that Bury citizens have not the same idea of what constitutes kindness as their police and magistrates.

Their real job

But we wish there were more police officials like the Chief Constable of Cardiff, Mr. J. A. Wilson.

A member of the city's Watch Committee thought the police should stop Sunday trading, and so "bring hundreds of five shillings into the revenue."

Mr. Wilson replied, "With great respect, the police force is not for that. We have to prevent crime."

Well, Cardiff is one of the few great cities where crime is decreasing. The reason is obvious enough.

Stung to reply

After our recent exposure of the dirty and germ-ridden state of many private bathing pools, the Ministry of Health has tried to reassure the public by announcing that local medical officers of health have the right to inspect such pools.

But has the Ministry informed the officers of that right? Many of them seem unaware of it—or don't exercise their powers.

Hence the serious outbreak of disease which provoked our criticism.

Banning the Premier

We were astonished to find that no books on Socialism, even the works of the Prime Minister, are allowed to political prisoners in Indian jails.

We shouldn't have thought that the Indian Government regarded Mr. MacDonald as a dangerous person.

And if books on one political theory are to be banned, why should books on Conservatism or Liberalism be tolerated?

As bad as murder

The week has produced at least another two of the unknown skunks who drive decent people to death.

A woman committed suicide because of a lying anonymous letter. A deaf and dumb man was found drowned after £400—his life's savings—had been stolen from his home.

Murder is not the only capital crime.

Robbing the blind

And we doubt if there is a more callous rogue even among habitual criminals than William Mills, of St. Austell.

He was asked by an aged and very poor blind man to sell a watch, one of the old man's few possessions. Mills sold it in a public-house and kept the money.

The magistrates gave him a month in jail.

We imagine the public would willingly bear the expense of keeping him there for another five months.

Charity's lapse

Another heartless scoundrel is Ernest Nichol, who has gone to prison at York for obtaining charitable contributions by fraud.

But the Chief Constable severely criticised the man's employers, the Children's Aid Society, of Glasgow, for encouraging dishonesty by keeping no check on its collectors and keeping no receipts.

We think that unless that society changes its methods the public would be better without it.

In darkest Britain

And we should like to give a rap over the knuckles to Mrs. Edwards, the woman who admitted paying a farm labourer only seventeen shillings for two weeks' hard work.

When the man was charged at Oswestry with stealing 7s., the Recorder rightly insisted that the facts should be reported to the Ministry of Agriculture.

Unfortunately, farmers who scandalously underpay their employees are usually let off with a trifling fine or no fine at all.

We wish they could be dealt with by the Recorder of Oswestry.

The old, old way

Advertisements announce that a home for a little girl is wanted and that £100 per annum will be paid for her keep.

But people who apply to the agents, Messrs. Graham, of 17, Southampton Street, London, W.C., are sent a duplicated letter, asking them to forward a guinea for "registration," which remains available for six months.

Let us repeat, once again, that business should never be done on such terms.

Avoid this shock

Another advertisement offers a "wonder watch—unbreakable, shock-proof," for 5s., post free, from the Gem Watch Co., of 76, Washington Road, Sheffield.

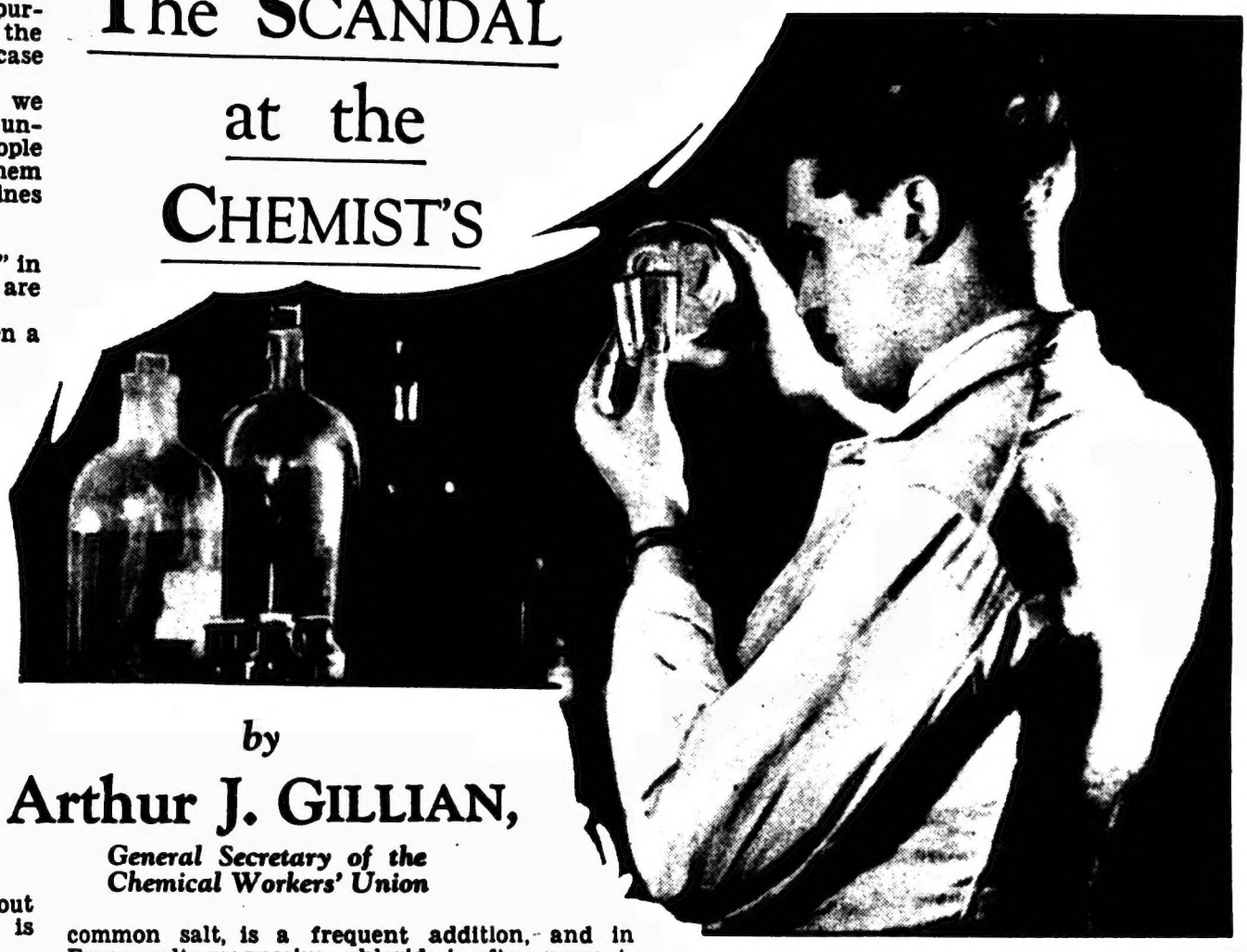
But we imagine many people who send their five shillings must have a disagreeable shock, so strange are the business methods of the company.

Incidentally, the company just consists of a man named Hancock, who is merely a lodger occupying a bedroom at the address given.

A "gem" indeed!

DUD MEDICINES

The SCANDAL at the CHEMIST'S



Not only the public but the chemist himself is often deceived by the spurious concoctions of unscrupulous manufacturers

by

Arthur J. GILLIAN,

General Secretary of the Chemical Workers' Union

WHEN buying food or clothing we invariably examine our purchases critically: we are on the look-out, all the time, in case we are "done."

Yet there is one shop we patronise that enjoys our unquestioning trust—the chemist's. Most people assume implicitly that what is handed to them over a chemist's counter in the way of medicines or drugs is exactly what it purports to be.

Is that confidence justified?

Are there no hidden "tricks of the trade" in the chemist's business, as we all know there are in every other?

The public conscience demands that when a doctor's prescription is dispensed by a chemist, it should be impossible to doubt that it is correctly made up. Yet what happens in actual practice?

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions inaccurately dispensed in England last year! It sounds incredible!

But that amazing figure is not far from the truth, for the Minister of Health himself, in his report issued recently on the operation of the National Health Insurance last year, naively states that, of a large number of prescriptions made up by insurance chemists and tested, nearly 95 per cent. were found to be correct, or so nearly correct that there was no ground for complaint.

Panel patients in England last year paid for 56,081,507 prescriptions to be made up—and of those tested over one-twentieth were wrongly dispensed.

According to recent reports of our public analysts, as many as 10 per cent. of the dispensed medicines tested were found to be unsatisfactory in one way or another.

Let me give some undeniable facts about common medicaments with which everyone is familiar.

Take seidlitz powders, for instance. The blue paper should contain 7.5 grammes of sodium potassium tartrate and 2.5 grammes of sodium bicarbonate. In the white paper should be 2.5 grammes of tartaric acid.

Brazen adulteration

ACTUALLY, these correct proportions are seldom observed. Sometimes more than double the right amount of one chemical is present. Worse still, sulphates of sodium and magnesium are often deliberately substituted for the more expensive tartrate. On examination, eleven out of 110 samples of seidlitz powders were recently condemned by public analysts.

Why is it that a couple of aspirins on one occasion may shift a headache, whilst on another day they may not?

The exact nature of the complaint, of course, may not be quite the same. But the difference in the efficacy of the drug is more frequently due to the fact that a tablet of aspirin bought at one shop, and purporting to contain 5 grs. acetyl salicylic acid, actually may contain considerably more of the drug, whereas many cheap aspirin tablets contain much less.

Aspirin tablets are diluted with all sorts of things, ranging from arrowroot to chalk.

Large amounts of talc are commonly found in aspirin, bismuth, and indigestion tablets of the soda-mint and magnesia variety. Every year our public analysts draw attention to this trickery on the part of drug manufacturers. But nothing is done to stop it.

Camphorated oil is one of the most useful items in the family medicine chest. The real thing is prepared by dissolving one part by weight of camphor in four parts of pure olive oil.

Yet an alarming proportion of the samples tested show the most brazen adulteration. In some cases olive oil is entirely absent, being replaced by a cheaper mineral oil with vastly inferior, and sometimes harmful, properties. In one sample commented upon in a recent Ministry of Health report, 15 per cent. excess camphor was found.

Last year a public analyst reported a sample of so-called camphorated oil which contained 61 per cent. of synthetic camphor—which means that the "camphor" was possibly made in Brixton!

Glauber salts or Epsom salts are found in nearly every home. How often are they absolutely pure? In the former, sodium chloride, or common salt, is a frequent addition, and in Epsom salts magnesium chloride is often present.

A packet of Epsom salts containing a large proportion of salts of lead! Believe it or not, such a damnable thing was discovered by a provincial analyst last year.

Women who use hydrogen peroxide in their home beauty treatments should be on their guard. I have known a 20-volume solution—twice the B.P. strength—to be sold openly over the counter. This chemical in such a strong solution is widely used for commercial purposes, but, to avoid serious accidents, it should not be given out indiscriminately under the prevalent impression that it is harmless.

It is only fair to retail chemists as a class to point out that responsibility for impurities and adulteration of their wares often rests with the wholesale manufacturers.

For instance, a chemist may sell you ground ginger, telling you, and perhaps believing, it is the "finest obtainable." The manufacturers, unknown to your chemist, may have adulterated it with exhausted ginger, which no longer has any useful properties, and is obtainable for the price of refuse. It is the same with crushed linseed, which often contains exhausted linseed.

Many common medicines are obtained already made up by the retailers, who are obliged to accept the word of the wholesalers as to the purity of the articles as implicitly as the public, in turn, have to believe the chemist's assistant.

Whoever is to blame, the sorry fact remains that, out of 5,257 samples of miscellaneous drugs tested by public analysts in a recent year, as many as 236 were stated to be adulterated or not up to standard. When will the Minister of Health do something more than merely report these scandals?

More prosecutions!

THE present testing of drugs and dispensed medicines is on altogether too small a scale. Prosecutions are far too infrequent. When a chemist makes a mistake over a panel patient's prescription and hands him something entirely wrong, he usually goes scot free. Even if found out, the Health Minister merely stops payment.

Is it not a tragic commentary upon our apathetic attitude towards suffering humanity that cheap ammoniated quinine tablets almost devoid of quinine can be sold over a chemist's counter in broad daylight, that plain borax can be sold in a high-faultin' box as bicarbonate of soda, and that poor people are persuaded to buy "liniment of turpentine" which, in fact, is nothing more than soft soap? Yet all these examples of rascality were published recently by the Minister of Health.

Last year certain public analysts reported instances where chemists were selling bismuth lozenges made of French chalk and cream of tartar which was 100 per cent. arrowroot!

Cod-liver oil emulsion which was deficient in hypophosphites and oil was being foisted upon parents who fondly imagined it would build up the strength of a growing boy! What crueller knavery could be conceived?

Camouflaged poison

STRICTER supervision of chemists' shops is urgently necessary. Still greater supervision is required in our wholesale medical factories, where, I may mention incidentally, thousands of young girls daily are handling poison and "dope"—the sugar-coated pills of death.

Until public resentment at these hidden scandals is aroused and our sleepy rulers accord the protection due to us, the only remedy is to avoid buying any made-up medicines or drugs except those bearing names above suspicion.

Naturally, widely advertised products, upon which great sums of money are spent to obtain goodwill, are most likely to be of consistently good quality.

Drugs or dispensed medicines obtained at any of the big chemists of national renown, or at local chemists with an established reputation to maintain, can generally be taken with confidence.

But tablets and other medicines bearing no name, which now are sold in great quantities all over the country, should be carefully avoided. Buying cheap medicaments carrying no guarantee definitely is false economy, which sooner or later a purchaser inevitably discovers to his cost.

Poisonous chemicals camouflaged as healing drugs, falsely-labelled nostrums or medicines inaccurately dispensed, should be regarded as monstrous outrages against the community. Now they are being sold over our chemists' counters every hour of the day. How much longer must this tragedy go on?

HENRY FORD—

The Ford Motor Works at Detroit

AMONG the dense mass of enterprising humanity whose restless energy and struggling urge towards the goal of Progress have carved a place in history for the New World, three men stand pre-eminently out of the throng to typify modern America.

Rockefeller, Edison and Ford are not only universal household words as familiar to the teeming millions of London, New York, and Paris as to the stray denizens of an African settlement, but they are the human embodiments of the American battle for the industrial supremacy of the world

It is strange that the world knows these men who personify the power and might of America, not in the appearance of youth and vigour, but entirely in their appearance of old age.

Rockefeller, the mysterious, grim old weaver of a vast spider's web of oil trusts and railways; Edison, the genial old inventor of pleasant aids to human happiness; and Ford, the taut-lipped creator of the great industry that has put the world on wheels.

Of these three men, Henry Ford will assuredly find a place in the Pantheon of the Immortals as the twentieth-century gladiator of industry; history will surely accord him special veneration as the warrior of commerce whose creative achievements are no less majestic than his battles for principles and power which accompanied them.

Henry Ford has, in America's present crisis, once again entered the arena to do battle, as he has often done before, with an antagonist of gigantic stature and power This time he has defied no less a formidable antagonist than the President and the Law of the United States of America.

President Roosevelt, seeking to guide his Ship of State off the rocks of depression and trade stagnation, has decreed under his National Recovery Act that the major industries of the United States shall operate under Codes fixed by the Federal Authority regulating the hours and wages of the workmen employed in them, and apportioning the more even distribution of production. To every employer has been given the opportunity of voluntary subscription to the Code allotted to his industry. Failing this assent the Code becomes operative and compulsorily applicable, under penalties for failure to observe it.

Under this Law of Codes, the great motor-car industry of America has industrial allies, but Codes to compel the magnate of Dearborn to adjust his factories to legally imposed conditions of labour and output have roused Henry Ford to the point of defiance. Ford not only refused to fall into line with his colleagues and to obey the law, but openly defied the President of the United States to compel him to submit.

Ford's chief objection to the Code is that it grants the workers the right to organise while he has always stood for the "open shop."

By setting himself above the law and challenging President and Government at a moment of national crisis and emergency, he, by his powerful defiance, has threatened to imperil the success of measures designed to wrench a great nation out of the slough of depression and despondency.

War of independence

In this, the latest of his battles for independence, Ford chose an unpopular stand which may well prove to have been the gravest mistake and the eventual failure of his long career of successful but hard-won victories. He is a bonny fighter, but there is little doubt that he is on the wrong side on this occasion. Will he recognise the fact in time?

In any case, if this great struggle should either prove to be his last or should it end in defeat, Ford will still be consoled by the record battles of his past

It was on a morning in 1880 that he began his long war of independence.

The son of a farmer, William Ford, native of Brandon, Ireland, he decided that farming was not the career to lead on to fame and fortune. Defying the discouragements and dissuasions of his father, Henry Ford, at the age of seventeen, abandoned the soil and the plough and set out for Detroit to face the world as a mechanic.

Toiling by day and studying mechanics by night merely made the flame of ambition burn all the more brightly. Ford, senior, coming to Detroit to persuade his errant son to return to the more reputable calling of the farm, found a determined and obstinate heir. This struggle was short and decisive, for Henry Ford remained in Detroit and continued his mechanics. His first fight and victory.

Ford worked and married and continued to work; his knowledge of mechanics progressed, and he achieved skill as a repairer of machinery. As an engineer and machinist he earned 45 dollars a month. At nights, when he left the Detroit Electric Company, he pondered on the hand-driven labour of his father's farm, and conceived the ambition to replace horses by a self-propelling machine. He experimented with odd parts and pieces of old iron.

One morning in April, 1893, Ford summoned his wife to watch the trial of a self-moving vehicle—a contraption of odd metal parts and queer amateurish devices which coughed and barked and spat as Mr. Ford, umbrella in hand, ran alongside it. The vehicle worked and ran; the first Ford car was born.

Henry Ford was armed for the battle for fortune and independence. For many long months he fought derision and mocking for the quaint assortment of iron and screws which he believed would conquer the world of transport.

His vehicle continued, however, to work, and in 1895 the motor-car had so far advanced that some venturesome financiers in Detroit were persuaded to organise the Detroit Automobile Company with a nominal capital of fifty thousand dollars and ten thousand dollars in cash to exploit the Ford car. Henry Ford's salary was £20 a week.

Seven years' struggle

Ford's successful flotation was but the beginning of his first battle for principle and independence. He soon came into conflict with his fellow-directors, the "hard-headed business men of Detroit," on the issue which marked the whole course of Ford's subsequent business career and determined his supremely unique place in industry. This issue was his "defiance of economic laws."

The Detroit Company made twenty cars in the first three years, and the directors became impatient. Their method was "a high-priced car and a large and quick profit." Ford was of a different view—quantity production and smaller profits.

"I found," he said later, "that the new company was not a vehicle for realising my ideas but merely a money-making concern." He accordingly resigned, taking his ideas and principles with him.

Ford went on his way to the Ford Motor Company and the second fierce

President Roosevelt has been defied, and he is a fighter, too . . .

Homely Wisdom

by Canon R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

LIMITATIONS

THAT wonderful woman, Helen Keller, has just been telling the public what the world seems like to her.

As we all know, she is totally blind and deaf. When she was a small child she was terribly unhappy because she dimly felt that she was enclosed in a sort of prison from which other people were free, and sometimes she got into passionate rages about her helplessness.

Then came deliverance in a measure, through her patient clever teacher, Miss Sullivan, who, with nothing but the sense of touch to work upon, managed to develop her mind and in time to introduce her to a full share in the thoughts and interests of intelligent people everywhere.

We have made mention of this miracle before. I do so again to-day because of Helen's vivid description of her reactions to her environment through the astonishing development of her sense of touch. It is to her both eyes and ears. She gets a great amount of joy out of it in ways that would be impossible to normal persons, and occasionally it causes her some amount of pain likewise.

She can distinguish between the voices of different people by simply laying her hand gently on their throats She calls some voices sweet and others harsh She can actually derive pleasure from music by detecting the rhythmic vibrations in the same manner and she knows which of her favourite selections is being played or sung in her presence.

What is queerest of all is that a scream on the wireless or an explosion in the street will hurt her sensibilities just as it does ours. She feels it like a blow in the face, though not the smallest echo of it breaks the dead silence in her brain.

She is disturbed by the noise of modern civilisation just as the rest of us are, and she responds with eager happiness to the beauty of earth, sea and sky, not a glimmer of which she can perceive with her bodily faculties.

She is not the only person to accomplish this feat. A man blind from birth was once my guide on a visit to an ancient abbey. He described minutely the subjects and colouring of every part of a grand stained-glass window.

I thought him a much greater marvel than the window, and asked him to tell me what sort of picture of that fine work of art he had formed in his mind.

"Ah," he replied. "I cannot imagine what it is you see that I don't. I take delight in surfaces and contours, but what colour is I don't know." He smiled and added: "I shall know some day, and what a revelation that will be!"

There is a lesson in all this for you and me, reader. We cannot be too thankful for our place in the pageant of life, for the everyday joys that money is not needed to buy And do we make the best of our limitations; or do we merely sit down and weep and whine because we have them to endure?

There is no life, however drab and dreary, that faith and love cannot fill with heaven.

—A Bonny Fighter!

But on the WRONG SIDE this time

le for fortune and independence. 03, the Association of Licensed obile Manufacturers comprising mpanies acquired exclusive rights patent registered in 1879, which red to cover the idea of applying nternal combustion engine to e propulsion. The Ford Motor any refused either to be absorbed group or to recognise the validity patent.

suits began, and for four years gal battle raged with intensive y. Ford fought like a tiger; his his fortune and his independence t stake.

opponents waged a terrific cam- against him, but he stood his l. His pursuers threatened law- gainst everyone using a Ford car. countered by offering an indem- every purchaser. Eighteen hun- ars were sold that year.

911, after seven years of legal war, peal Courts decided against the . Ford scored a mighty victory.

Ford Motor Company now went n prosperity to riches. The great at Highland Park took shape on es of land, gradually to spread e greatest industrial organisation world. The directive head and ing force was one man, the in- of the, by this time, world-famous Lizzie."

he height of his prosperity, Ford himself again involved in the ght as with the old Detroit Auto- Company. It was the self-same , with his associates desiring the tion of a high-priced car at a profit against Ford's conception ntity production of high quality -priced car.

onder of the world

fight developed into a gigantic e between slow and quick develop- Some of his associates were to stop production at 100 cars a s in 1908. Ford's reply was, a day." So horrified were his nts that the law courts and other were sought to restrain him.

his occasion, Ford's method was orption of his opponents. Gradu- purchased all the interests in rd Company, paying as much as for a single share. The total sum was £15,000,000. Ford was now e master.

Ford Motor Company advanced position which Rockefeller him- cribed as "the industrial wonder world." Its creator achieved his through a persistent contest, y with men and machines, but h economic theories. His claim he best employer is he who pays hest wages" was at once a heresy challenge to all comers in com- His factory became a com- the community a city, and its e overlord, Henry Ford, wielding and power almost unlimited and y unrivalled.

so fought powerful interests that to handle the distribution of and set up his own agents.

olossal riches and his control of ailways, furnaces, forests, foun- hemicals and a thousand pro- nd commodities made him a venerated but feared by the l bosses of America.

20 came the beginning of his great and long battle with Wall Street. After two years of post-war feverish prosperity, the great industrial slump confronted the Ford Motor Company faced with payments amounting to nearly £15,000,000 To meet this obligation, gigantic even for Ford, the company had £5,000,000 in cash, 93,000 finished cars and a large stock of cars in the making. The sale of cars, however, was practically non-existent.

A banker emissary called on Ford with Wall Street's terms for financial aid. The terms included initial control of the company, with the clear indication that Wall Street knew precisely how much money Ford required and how quickly. Ford ushered out the banker with the reply that he was not a borrower.

Wall Street settled down to wait the Ford bankruptcy, but Ford did not fail nor did he borrow. Wall Street attempted to squeeze Ford by controlling raw materials prices against him.

Ford's retaliation was complete and drastic. He joined issue with the price controllers and determined to force them to yield. He closed down his whole enormous plant and stopped buying raw materials. Next, he launched an intensive sales campaign. Sixty thousand cars were sold, realising £5,000,000. Sales of bonds, reserve stock and other realisations brought in more millions.

The position was not only saved but the factory resumed work, and the price of raw materials dropped. Wall Street retired badly beaten, and Ford sat back, grim but victorious.

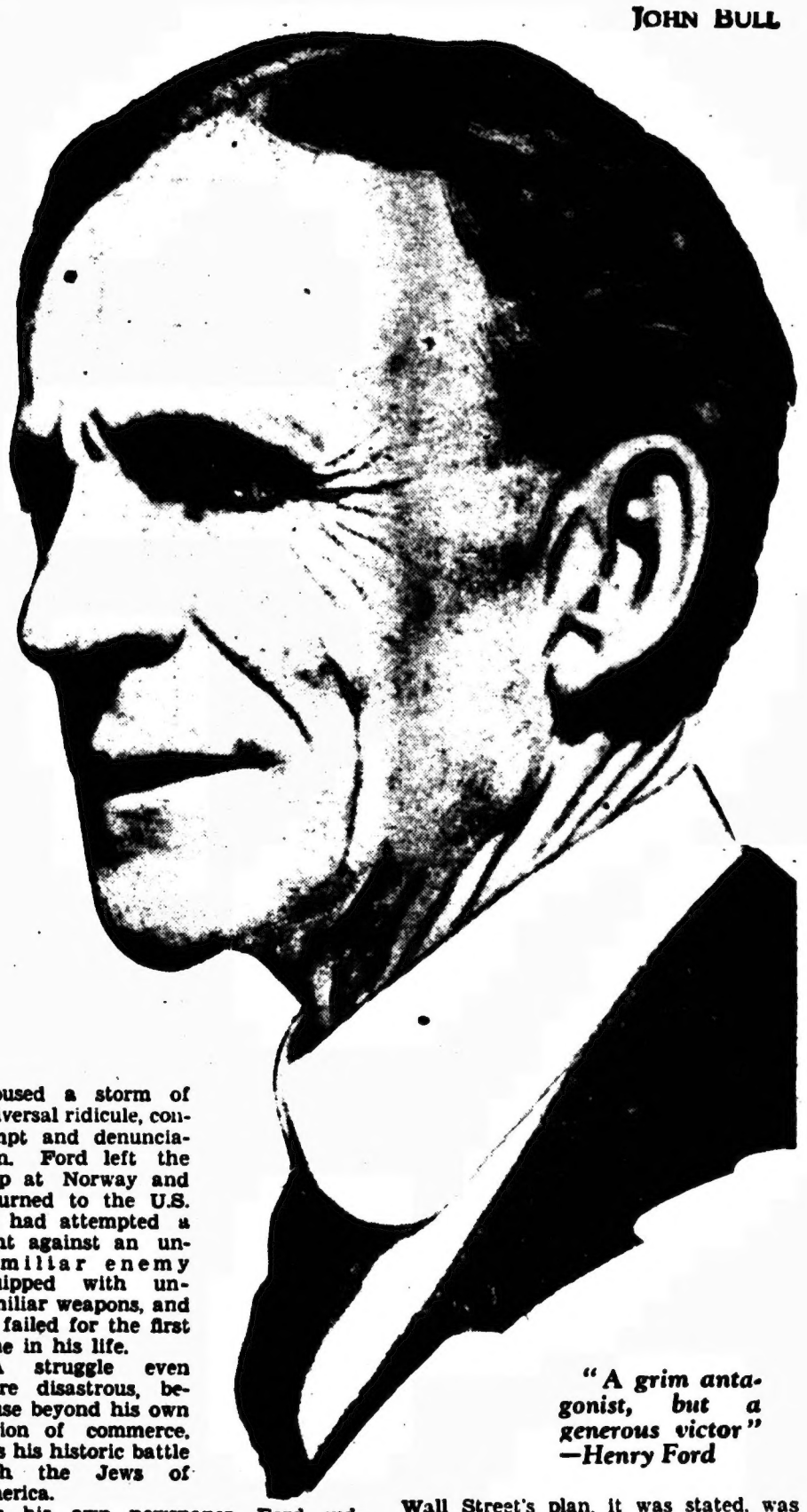
Fight—for peace

Before this, the outbreak of the world war had launched Henry Ford into a violent struggle beyond the more familiar realms of industry. To this emperor of organisation and creative achievement war was "the most hideous waste in the world"—wanton waste of life and material, the negation of every concept of creation. Ford became the apostle of pacifism and the neutrality of America. True to his principles, he refused to participate in the profits of the war industry which flooded the U.S. with riches.

He refused all war orders for his factory, and absolutely thrust aside the opportunity of vast profits. "It would be better to die a pauper," he said.

He conceived the now famous idea of the Peace Ship to the belligerents. On December 4, 1915, the Peace ship, *Oscar II*, sailed from New York with 148 passengers, headed by Ford, on a mission to Europe to stop the war. The plan and the peace ship aroused a storm of universal ridicule, contempt and denunciation. Ford left the ship at Norway and returned to the U.S. He had attempted a fight against an unfamiliar enemy equipped with unfamiliar weapons, and he failed for the first time in his life.

A struggle even more disastrous, because beyond his own region of commerce, was his historic battle with the Jews of America.



"A grim antagonist, but a generous victor" —Henry Ford

In his own newspaper, Ford suddenly launched a series of virulent attacks on the Jewish race, reminiscent of the rabid onslaughts of the anti-Semites of Europe.

At once the whole Jewish community of America, and, indeed, of the world, rose in a storm of indignation and resentment. The word went forth that no Jew should buy or ride in a Ford car. The sales of Ford's products showed a substantial decline. Representatives of the Jewish community of America sued Ford for a million dollars damages for libel. The action was settled out of court, and Henry Ford apologised.

While the fight lasted he fought stiffly and resolutely, but when his cause was found to be untenable he yielded and accepted defeat.

It is, however, in his feuds with the bankers and high finance in America that Ford reveals himself in his strongest and most defiant moods. His own enormous wealth and colossal controlling interests in the commodity market make him both a power and a target for the venom of Wall Street.

As recently as the early part of this year the struggle reached a climax with the closing of two National banks in Detroit, the centre point of the Ford power.

It was alleged before the Detroit Grand Jury that this was part of a Wall Street plot to ruin Henry Ford, who was then believed to have £13,000,000 on deposit in these banks. Wall Street's plan, it was stated, was that by tying up these deposits it would deplete his working capital to such a point that he would be forced to deal with New York financiers or be crushed into bankruptcy.

This plan to crush Ford was the sequel to a great strike at the Briggs Factory, controlled by Ford. Ford accused the Wall Street bankers of having fomented the strike, which paralysed his plant for the time being, as part of their customary plan to ruin those who decline to submit to their terms.

A great winner

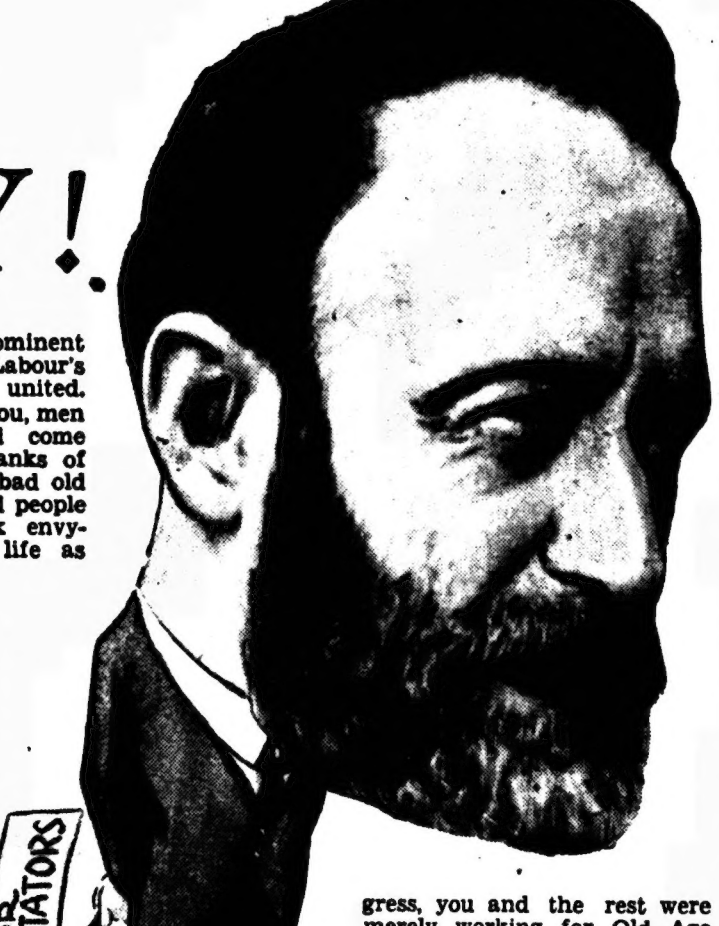
Henry Ford held his ground and let it be known that he would use his vast resources for a fight to a finish with his financial enemies.

The struggle became critical, for Ford's interests were so widespread and varied that to undermine him meant to bring the whole fabric of State finance crashing down. He held all the cards, and the bankers retired from the Detroit battle front to the emplacements of Wall Street, discomfited and defeated.

Having beaten the enemy, Ford celebrated his victory, not by truculent misuse of his advantage, but by coming to the rescue of the distressed Detroit banks and placing his resources at their disposal.

This was the gesture of the grim antagonist but generous victor. That is Henry Ford—the bonny fighter.

Cling on to LIBERTY!



Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to A. G. Walkden

who presided over the Trade Union Congress

MY DEAR WALKDEN,—I wish that the great British public had been able to listen-in, the other day, when I saw you presiding, in the Dome, Brighton's memorial to one of the most degraded eras in English history, over the representatives of over 3,000,000 trade unionists.

You may be only a working-man representing the railway clerks, whose union you helped to found thirty-six years ago. The 547 delegates around you may have been only working-men.

But what they talked was the most uncompromising challenge to those who would destroy British liberty. Your own speech, eulogising democratic principles the right to organise, free speech, free elections, the secret ballot—was a model of restrained oratory.

Your speech, too, was a complete answer to all those people who talk of war, who would continue to waste on armaments the money that should be spent on food

I read, every now and then, how even a bishop, a highly paid follower of Christ, the Gentle Nazarene, praises Hitler and his thuggery, how Christian leaders of all kinds come out, every now and then, as avowed militarists.

* * *

The trade union movement, which you represent, is a united front against all that. It is based on brotherhood. "It will not sup with the Devil of War, however long the spoon may be.

When the Fascist menace was discussed, your Congress speeches, one after another, expressed a determination to resist at all costs any attempt to place Britain under the heel of a dictatorship.

Without the leadership of such men as you, calm, far-seeing men whose minds are stored with a complete knowledge of working-class conditions, the great mass of the British people, whether they know it or not, would be, to-day, helpless against wage cuts.

But your movement stands firm.

Indeed, it was one of the wonders of the world, when, two years ago, it lost its three most prominent leaders, that its Labour's ranks still remained united.

I saw, in front of you, men whom I knew had come from the lowest ranks of toil. Many, in the bad old days to which stupid people sometimes look back enviously, had started life as half-timers when they were ten years of age, or even younger. Those were the slave days.

Yet many of them, even when they were young, studied half the night, tired though they were in mind and body, and educated themselves for the jobs of helping their fellows to raise themselves from penury and shame.

Many attack your movement. They do not understand it.

But, without it, millions would be helpless.

Well, the challenge is coming.

Yet it is unbelievable that, in that hour of crisis, your great trade union movement, over 3,000,000 strong, will crumple up, as did the trade unions of Germany when Hitler began to torture and to kill.

I believe the British working-man is made of sterner stuff.

After all, most of the great humanitarian movements began in this country of ours. They were born of a love of freedom and a sense of justice.

It is almost impossible to realise that twenty-nine years ago, when first, as a young delegate, you represented the railways clerks at the Trade Union Congress, you and the rest were merely working for Old Age Pensions, a more ameliorative Workmen's Compensation Act, better education for our children.

Urged on by the first return to the House of a Labour Party worth considering, Campbell-Bannerman conceded a good deal. Then Lloyd George followed. Balfour's term of office set you back.

But, all the time, propaganda went on, street-corner meetings, house-to-house calls. So there was built up a bulwark against which, I trust, the seas of repression will beat themselves in vain.

* * *

True it is that Labour now has the support of only one-third of the working-classes. But now the farm labourers are coming in. Twenty years ago, the squire and the parson dominated their lives. Thanks to your movement, their wages, in many cases, have in that time been doubled.

They are not, I think, sufficiently grateful to trade union leaders of your generation. You began in the days when it was still very difficult. Men who tried to raise their fellows were suspect. Many of them were outlawed—yes, many of them were sent to jail.

Even to-day, sometimes, when a man who is called "advanced" speaks out, they use against him an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Edward III!

Your movement stands for democracy everywhere. You plead for the Meerut prisoners, and oppose oppression in any part of the Empire, whatever may be the colour of its victims.

"Pious resolutions," sneer people, reading your debates. They used to say that of the demands for old age pensions. Yet old age pensions came. They used to say it when better education was asked for. It was won.

They still use the phrase, now that you demand slum clearance, a forty-hour week, greater freedom of speech.

* * *

I am one of the optimists. I can see a time when machinery, controlled for the benefit of everybody, will release the community from long hours of toil, when, taking advantage of the great strides of science, statesmen, pushed on by the divine discontent which is the beginning of every social uplift, will discover means of unifying, distributing, sharing out more equally the bounty of God's harvests.

The Dome, in which you sat was built for the pleasures of Royal rakes. In those days working-men had no votes; the great mass of the population were fed like animals; even the smallest children had to toil. It was fitting that your Trade Union Congress met in such a place. It was a reminder of the progress that has already been made.

But now your movement must drop its old "Right to work" idea. It must now preach the gospel of "Leisure for all." It must encourage the cultural aspirations of the humblest and the poorest.

No other body will take the lead. Only the workers can save themselves.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Dr. WILLIAM BARR,
Medical Officer of Health, Rotherham

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am as anxious as you at the dangerous competition between qualified and highly-trained midwives and the ignorant, unskilled "handywomen."

You well describe the latter as "a legacy from the Dark Ages," and say that advances have been made in every branch of medicine except in midwifery.

I look forward to the day when women who face the risks of motherhood will be protected by law from the risks of unskilled attendants. JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. F. G. ALEXANDER,
Ormskirk, Lancs

DEAR SIR,—In your capacity of workhouse master, you protested when an undertaker removed a pauper's body in a cement lorry.

That strange fellow is a magistrate and a member of Southport Town Council, and he has complained of your rebuke to the Minister of Health.

I hope the Minister echoes that rebuke and congratulates you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BARRINGTON WARD, K.C.: You find the wicked more interesting than the righteous. Yes, but the wicked find life very dull when you send them to jail.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. J. HARRIS,
Bristol

DEAR SIR,—There is something mediæval in your sentencing a boy housebreaker to "two years' regular attendance at a Sunday school."

If you could get the lad to go joyfully, all well and good. But to inflict it on him as a penance seems unfair both to him and the Sunday school.

JOHN BULL.

MARTHA GURNEY,
Moss Side, Manchester

GURNEY,—Pretending to tell fortunes, you told a client that her husband was unfaithful and predicted his death. Fortunately, your visitor was a widow—and a policewoman!

But it is said that you have caused real distress to a number of gullible women and their families, and had you been sent to jail instead of fined I should have been neither surprised nor sorry.

JOHN BULL.

Master WILLIE JACOBSEN,
Newport, Mon.

DEAR WILLIE,—Though but twelve years old, you are a fine example to those people who grouse about life's difficulties

You were born without arms, but by courage and perseverance have taught yourself to write, draw and paint with your toes better than most boys of your age who are physically perfect.

Yes, you're a plucky little bundle of real inspiration. JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. G. O. SUTCLIFFE,
Chairman, Bridlington Bench

DEAR SIR,—A little girl of seven, delicate and nervous, should walk alone to school, three miles there and three miles back, along a busy and very dangerous road.

That is the demand of the local education bigwigs—a demand which I criticised some weeks ago. Your remarks show that you agree with me that this is a shameful scandal.

Yet you have now surrendered to that impudent demand and made the attendance order the county council wants.

Why?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES MURLESS,
Wrexham Bench

DEAR SIR,—"You haven't seen the best side of life," you told a would-be suicide. "You don't begin to enjoy yourself until after sixty."

How you must have surprised some of the younger generation!

Well, youth may be glorious, but it is often a time of discontent. You, at eighty, have learnt that the serenity of old age is well worth waiting for.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PHILIP JOHN COOK,
Dagenham, Essex

DEAR PHILIP,—An American citizen, you came here in 1931 without permission.

You obtained a house, married an English girl and settled down. So you must have become known to the rating authorities and others. Yet it has only just been discovered that you are an alien.

Since you have been fined £5, you now know what "the long arm of the law" means. Unfortunately, as in your case, it is often seized with cramp.

JOHN BULL.

CHIEF CONSTABLE, Lancashire: Because you won't let police act as rate collectors, Lancashire councils' meeting declares you are not doing your duty. But you know that duty better than the councils.—JOHN BULL.

The PRISON COMMISSIONERS,
Home Office

GENTLEMEN,—The system of granting railway passes to enable discharged prisoners to return home needs overhauling.

For these passes are endorsed with the ex-convict's number, to say nothing of some such inscription as "Wormwood Scrubs."

Why should the fact that he has just come out of prison be revealed to railway officials? JOHN BULL.

The JUSTICES' CLERK,
Solihull, Warwickshire

YOUR DIGNITY,—"We're here to see to the interests of the taxpayers," you told a defendant.

His son had been sent by your court to a reformatory. That lost the man his job, as he had told you it would. Then his home was seized for rent and he went to prison for non-payment of rates. Now he must go back to jail unless he pays for his boy's keep.

What good will that do the taxpayers or anyone else? JOHN BULL.

Lord HARROWBY,
Lord-Lieutenant, Staffs

DEAR SIR,—You would like to see every town encircled by "delightful market gardens." So should I—but I fear many councils would make them an excuse for profiteering.

Leicester lets good allotments for £6 an acre. But Nottingham charges from £12 to £15, and when holders complained that near-by land was much cheaper the corporation induced the landlord to double the rent!

Do you wonder at my fears?

JOHN BULL.

GERMANY—*Peace or WAR?*

asks A. G. GARDINER

"A new, resurrected Germany, defiant, resentful, challenging."

ONE question overshadows all others in the world to-day. It is this: What does Germany mean?

In discussing this question I shall not be accused of hostility to Germany. The criticism of me in the past has been quite the contrary. I believed that the Peace of Versailles was an unjust peace doomed to embitter Europe for generations. And I believed that the whole policy of the Allies after the war was calculated to destroy the best elements in Germany and to bring the worst to the top.

It has done so. We are confronted with a new, resurrected Germany, defiant, resentful, challenging, with the Prussian spirit once more in the saddle and the whole population being drilled and dragooned into a potential military unit that brings the shadow of war back over the map of Europe.

What is to be done about it? The question brooks no delay, for every day the tension increases.

Ill omens

It is no extravagance to say that the fate of Europe depends on two events which are imminent—the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations which opens next week and the Disarmament Conference which reassembles at Geneva a little later.

Germany will be present at both and she will be compelled to disclose her hand. If she means peace, good. If she means war, we cannot realise the fact too soon.

The omens are bad. I say nothing of the Nazi policy of terrorism within Germany. That is an evil thing, but it is not our affair. It is only in so far as Hitler and his despotism affect the peace of Europe that we are concerned.

The alarms on this head no longer rest on the defiant Nazi propaganda which is disturbing the countries bordering on Germany. Those alarms are serious enough. Every day brings its incident. Now it is an impudent raid into Switzerland Now it is a murder in Czecho-Slovakia. One day it is a shooting incident on the Belgian frontier. The next an episode on the French frontier, or a fracas in Danzig.

And all the time Hitler's war on Austria grows in intensity. Knauss, the director of the campaign, makes no secret of the coming *putsch*, which is rumoured to be fixed for next month, and declares that "soon the flag of Adolf Hitler will wave over all Austria."

But there are graver grounds of alarm than these. The fact that Germany is now re-arming is no longer to be doubted. Evidence of this, direct and indirect, is accumulating on every hand.

The sensational figures which have been published of Germany's enormous increase in the importation of copper, steel and other raw material of war since Hitler came into power is one proof. There has been no corresponding increase in exports to explain this fact. On the contrary, exports have declined.

Or take another fact. What construction other than a sinister one is to be put on the closing of the Ruhr and other industrial centres against the public? If that construction is wrong, why is the suspicion so senselessly invited?

We cannot wonder that Paris is in a ferment of fear, and that the Daladier Government, the first really pacific government France has had since the war, is having to reshape its policy on disarmament. There is a real fear in the public mind that the wilder spirits now dominant in Germany contemplate a sudden aerial attack.

War ravings

It is pointed out that the rearmament of Germany for a land offensive is impossible in a less time than five years. But an aerial offensive is possible in little more than a year, and responsible men in France are envisaging a sudden attack which would set Paris in a blaze and settle the issue by panic out of hand.

This might be dismissed as a crazy nightmare if we were dealing with normal people. But Capt. Goering is the most powerful figure in Germany next to Hitler, and who can put limits to the frenzy of the man who organised the burning of the Reichstag in order to frighten Germany and win an election?

Or as evidence of the fearsome mentality that governs Germany to-day, consider the terrible book of Professor Bause, extracts from which appeared in *The Times* a few days ago. Bause is one of the professors of military science appointed at the Universities by Hitler to stimulate the military spirit of the German youth.

His book is a passionate glorification of war. It exceeds in extravagance even Bernhardi's famous "World Power or Downfall," which preluded the Great War.

It reads like the ravings of a lunatic asylum. He preaches "the high ethical value of war" as the only true religion worth having. He wants every German child to be encouraged to play "robber and soldier" games and to have their minds directed into military channels from the age of six upwards.

He defends poison and plague as the instruments of war. The main methods are the infection of drinking and other water by typhus bacillæ, the introduction of typhus by means of fleas and of the plague by artificially infected rats.

Biological warfare, he says, "is undoubtedly the given weapon for a nation that has been disarmed and rendered defenceless." He says the League of Nations, with sanctimonious mien, has forbidden this means of warfare, but argues that when the existence of a State or a nation is at stake "every method is permissible to stave off a superior enemy and vanquish him."

If this is the official gospel of the German Government—and Bause is only one of the military professors Hitler has appointed to teach it—Europe must deal with it at once. If it is bluff, the bluff must be called at once.

The acid test

And the meeting of the League Council and the Disarmament Conference are the vehicles for the occasion. Both are awaited with anxiety and a successful outcome of the latter is vital. Failure will inevitably lead not to disarmament, but to a new and more terrible competition in armaments with the equally inevitable consequence of world catastrophe.

The vital proposals before the Conference are the British disarmament plan and the French proposal for the automatic and regular supervision of armaments by the League. America supports the British plan in principle. It is to be hoped that as the result of the conversations which begin in a few days France, too, will support it.

Events in Germany have frightened her, but she must remember that her policy is largely the cause of those events and that unless Europe honestly disarms the case for Germany's rearmament cannot be resisted.

This is not a time to go back. It is a time to go forward and challenge the new German militarism with the alternative of universal disarmament.

Most important of all is the French proposal for regular supervision of national armaments. There must be no possibility of secret preparations for war. All must be clear and above board.

France's attitude on the first question and Germany's attitude on the second will provide the acid test of whether Europe is heading for war or for peace.

Not from the B.B.C.—Jack Tar, A.B., discourses on

A Way They Have in the Navy

JACK'S the boy for work,
Jack's the boy for play,
And it's Jack who knows just
How to go on a bust
To pass the time away.

Jack's the lad ashore,
Jack's the lad at sea,
And it's Jack who's the boy
To pipe "Barman ahoy!"
As long as there's £ s. d.

Jack's the boy to laugh,
Jack's the boy to sing,
And it's Jack who will pay
For a cab to convey
Him back when he's had his fling!

Aye, aye, my hearties, he will, for this is required of him by a new amendment to King's Regulations, and in the eyes of a true-blue scion of the sea, King's Regulations are endowed with all the mystic virtues that Whitehall discerns in pink tape.

In case you have not read the new amendment to the regulations issued by the Admiralty, let all ratings be paraded and listen to what the rulers of the King's Navee have to say:

"A person belonging to the Fleet who is too drunk on shore to return on foot without discredit to the Service or prejudice to good order, may be taken to his ship or establishment by cab or other conveyance and the fare recovered from his pay."

Some of you may not much like it, especially that reference to recovering the fare; but what appeals to me is the human note struck by my Lords of the Admiralty in that simple, friendly, homelike definition "too drunk on shore."

My Lords of the Admiralty have always reckoned on us sailors sometimes behaving in a way "prejudicial to good order and discipline," and being sometimes "incapacitated for duty," but never—no, never!—have they admitted the possibility of any member of the senior service becoming "sozzled."

That is why on the night that John Daw the bo'sun came all over religious and started singing hymns and preaching to a congregation of lizards and centipedes, which he reckoned was gathered together on the gun deck, we all knew that it must have been the afternoon's sun, as it couldn't have been the evening's rum.

I have even seen the Admiral himself, wearing a merry smile on his face and a cocktail cherry in his buttonhole, kissing the flag-lieutenant good-night and addressing him as "Kitty darlin'," but we all knew that the Old Man couldn't possibly be "screwed," as this was something not provided for in King's Regulations.

But now that the Admiralty no longer pretends that Jack is incapable of getting plain, unadulterated "drunk," there is no need for us to pretend neither. And you must admit that it's nice for a sailor-man who has lost his land legs to know that he can rely upon being taken back to his home on the rolling deep or elsewhere "by cab or other conveyance."

When the last half-pint's been swallowed
and you're pushed outside the door.
When the clock hands point to midnight
and the launch has left the shore,
When there's one moon in the heavens
and another can be seen
By your somewhat doubtful eyesight
hanging earth and sky between,
When your thoughts turn to your hammock on the not-too-distant foam—
Then a coachman with a landau will convey you safely home.

When the last girl has been toasted and
the last dashed lie is told,
When you brood upon the future and the
dawn seems chill and cold.
Then it's time to seek a taxi or a shaky
sedan chair,
Or, perhaps, a p'rambulator—sailors, after
all, don't care!—
Any suitable conveyance—all are there
for you to pick—
And define your destination by remarking simply "Hic!"

★ *Great Presentation*
"PAGEANT *of the* CENTURY"
See next week's "John Bull"

DRAGES

GREAT CELEBRATION

This month Drages celebrate their 25th Anniversary. In a quarter of a century they have become the most famous credit furnishing house in the world. They have transformed the credit furnishing business by abolishing the reference system, introducing a Unique Protection for customers who become ill or unemployed, and instead of the old-fashioned three years' system give 50 months' credit—the longest known in British business.

This great Anniversary in the history of the house will be worthily celebrated during this month.

The great showrooms will be specially decorated and arranged with displays of the very latest furniture. *Every article throughout the Store will be substantially reduced in price,* and will bear with its regular price label a special Anniversary Bargain Price Label.

PERSONAL GIFTS FOR ALL LADIES

Drages could never celebrate a birthday without a gift, so a *charming personal present will be given to every Lady customer or Lady accompanying a customer.*

This is a great opportunity for all furnishing — the finest and largest selection of furniture in London all specially reduced in price — and the great advantage of Drages 50 Pay Way terms. Fifty Pay Way means 50 months to pay and no deposit. So that a monthly payment of:

20/- buys £50 worth of furniture.
40/- buys £100 worth of furniture.
80/- buys £200 worth of furniture.

and all the furniture will be delivered, carriage paid, directly only the first instalment is paid.

DRAGES LTD. 73-77, OXFORD ST., W.1

OPEN DAILY 9 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. CLOSED SATURDAYS 1 p.m.

OPEN ON THURSDAYS UNTIL 8 P.M

BIRMINGHAM + (Open all day Saturdays) + 101, BULL STREET

COUPON. Please send me a copy of the Drage Way Book and details of your 50 Pay Way terms for approved accounts.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... J.B. 169

Cut out and post in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope to Drages Ltd. 73-77, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Sir Wyndham Childs warns off—

Give Mr. Alexander Mitchell £100 or so and he will take it to the races and double it, treble it, for you. So says Mr. Mitchell

A TRICKSTER of the TURF

FOR some considerable time, in consequence of complaints which have reached me, my investigation staff has been keeping under observation the operations of a remarkable man named Alexander Mitchell.

During this period he has favoured several addresses, all in the West End of London.

Those most latterly occupied have been situated—in order of succession—in Charing Cross Road, The Strand, Holland Park Avenue and Blenheim Street, New Bond Street.

The comprehensive file before me shows Mr. Mitchell to be something of an enigma. He is certainly a man of many parts, most of which portray him in a very unfavourable light.

Theatrical broker and entertainer, racing expert, commission agent, company promoter, bookmaker, betting speculator (with other people's money) are, I observe, some of the various guises he has assumed.

Mr Alexander Mitchell is known as "A.M." for short, though, as I shall presently show, he is known to Scotland Yard, and to the Turf Guardian Society and Tattersalls, by many other names.

Victims in one of his latest enterprises have in addition to coming to me, lodged complaints about him with Scotland Yard.

But he conducts his objectionable schemes with such cleverness that, for reasons I can at once appreciate, the authorities have so far found it difficult to take any action against him.

That is why the widest publicity is desirable in order to protect unsuspecting people from listening to his convincing tongue and entrusting him with their money.

Beating the book

Mr. Alexander Mitchell stages many of his schemes on the Turf or in greyhound racing stadiums. His most favoured guise is that of a racing man with infallible secrets in betting speculations that will beat the bookmaker.

Why he wants other people to put up the money to enable him to do so is a point he modestly refrains from explaining!

Apart from this strange characteristic, Mr. Mitchell is otherwise always very sure of himself. He is a man of action at all times and believes implicitly in himself.

Those of his victims I have encountered have been obtained through the medium of advertisements. And the language used in the announcements Mr. Mitchell inserts in the best newspapers is expressive of security, integrity and encouragement.

I would like to quote two of them in full, in order to indicate the exact nature of the rosy propositions he puts forward.

Here is one:

"Partnership. Opportunity for gentleman to join well-established Tattersall's bookmaker with sound growing cash clientele and excellent West End and City offices. To one able to start at once, salary, expenses and equal share profits will be given. Experience not essential. Moderate capital required; under own control. Business all the year round. Refs. exchanged. Apply for interview.—A.M."

Now, on the surface, that sounds businesslike enough. But let me direct the attention of my readers to the second of his advertisements. The italics are my own:

"A vacancy for smart man to join *well-established* Turf Commission agency. *Large cash clientele in Tatts. ring* and up-to-date s.p. offices. *Straightforward. Legitimate.* 50—50 money-making prop. *Experience not essential.* Must be able to *start at once.* Mod. capital required *under own control.*—Part. at interview, A.M., 7, Blenheim Street, W.1. Mayfair 3757."

Now most people reading that advertisement will fully understand all Mr. Mitchell's abbreviations, and will read "Part.," at the end of it, as indicating "particulars."

But when applicants call for the promised particulars, they discover that they are expected to *part* at once with their cash!

Perhaps that may be one of Mr. Mitchell's little jokes—for I am told that he is a man with a keen sense of humour.

Knowing what I do about this person, I say at once that his advertisements are deliberately misleading, and it surprises me that reputable newspapers could have accepted them without preliminary enquiry.

Prosperous? Preposterous!

For the bargains he offers in this way are preposterous. The "moderate capital required" is not utilised under the partner's own control.

As far as the "equal share profits" part of the advertisements goes, I can dismiss this with the comment that, in all the cases before me, there have never been any profits!

And as for the impressive statement that there is "business all the year round," I think it is Mr. Mitchell, and not his capital-finding clients, who profits from this—certainly so far as all the various complaints before me are concerned.

Briefly, Mr. Mitchell, who is a master of figures and talks in thousands, offers applicants, when they interview him, a 50 per cent. partnership in horse-racing and greyhound racing schemes.

Not so miraculous

He knows, with practically no fear of failure, how to win fortunes from the bookmakers.

His "intelligence service" is as infallible as it can be.

All his inexperienced clients have to do is to enter into an agreement with him, pay over, say, £100, £200 or more, enter into his employ, accompany him to the races, and he will do the rest.

One case in point is that of an investor who, after he had handed over his cash, was taken to a race meeting. Left to his own devices, well away from the stand Mr. Mitchell favoured, he waited patiently for the glad tidings. He expected this miracle man of the Turf to double and redouble his investment.

Unfortunately, Mr. Mitchell, cleverly feigning disappointment, returned with the news that he had had a most unusual setback and had lost everything?

Still, things would right themselves next time!

At further meetings they attended during the next few days other sums were similarly lost, though, of course, the client had no opportunity of watching the actual betting transactions Mr. Mitchell was supposed to have made.

This investor, to-day, is only one of many who bemoan the fact that the promised profits in this "straightforward, legitimate" business have never materialised.

Other recent investors, who have met their fate in much the same way, are similarly out of pocket, after undergoing experiences which differed very little from the one I have cited.

Some, indeed, have parted with their life-savings.

Angry scenes have been enacted at Mr. Mitchell's office, and on one occasion, when a disillusioned client mentioned that he was going to Scotland Yard, he was promptly informed that Mr. Mitchell didn't care if he did; and, in any case, would not be scared by blackmail threats.

Mr. Mitchell, I find, is not the sort of man to be worried over trifles like that. In the name of Alexander Raceford he stood his trial about two and a half years ago on a grave charge of perjury, as the outcome of which he was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

His conduct in this case was despicable. His wife and another woman whose activities had not always been above suspicion became opposed to each other in certain business transactions, and litigation ensued.

Perjured evidence

Arising out of this, when the other woman's husband was charged with a grave offence of which he was innocent, Mr. Mitchell, as he now prefers to be known, went into the witness-box and gave untrue evidence to the effect that he had seen and spoken to him on certain days on which the alleged offence was supposed to have been committed!

Actually, it could be proved that the man was abroad at the time. Otherwise, on the perjured evidence of Mitchell, he would have been sent to jail.

After further evidence, given by police officers, had also been criticised, Sir Ernest Wild, at the Old Bailey, denounced Mitchell as a person who had committed a terrible offence, and had committed it "for revenge."

His real name is Abraham Schmidt, and his aliases include those of "Royal Raceford" and "Roy Rose."

JOHN BULL warned the public of his activities in the alias of "Roy Rose" as far back as 1927.

It pleases me immensely to know that my department has identified "Mr. Mitchell" as being one and the same man.

His regard for the truth was no stronger then than it is now.

In Belfast in 1928 he unblushingly lied, during certain civil proceedings, when questioned about the 1927 article in JOHN BULL.

Though he agreed under cross-examination that he had taken no legal action concerning our severe comments, he had the temerity to swear that he had been given an apology.

The truth is that, although he did call at the office to say that he was being persecuted and asked for an apology, he was told to go, as there was nothing we intended to retract.

Mr. Alexander Mitchell, in any name, is a schemer of a very plausible and persistent type.

33 YEARS OF THRILLING HISTORY PICTURED IN
"The Pageant of the Century"
See next week's great announcement.

DUSKY CHEAT

BABU LAL C. DE is an Indian student who has studied in the universities at Calcutta, London, and in Birmingham; but whatever other knowledge he has acquired in the course of years, he has yet to learn that honesty is the best policy.

Not so long ago he engaged a bed-sitting room with a landlady at Hollywood, in Birmingham, saying he had just returned from an extended visit to his native home at Miranpore.

Gifted, it seemed, with a peculiar insight into secret things, he staggered his landlady by "prophesying" that she was in difficulties with her rent!

But that, however, could soon be overcome, since he was in receipt of an income of £2 weekly, paid monthly in advance through an agent

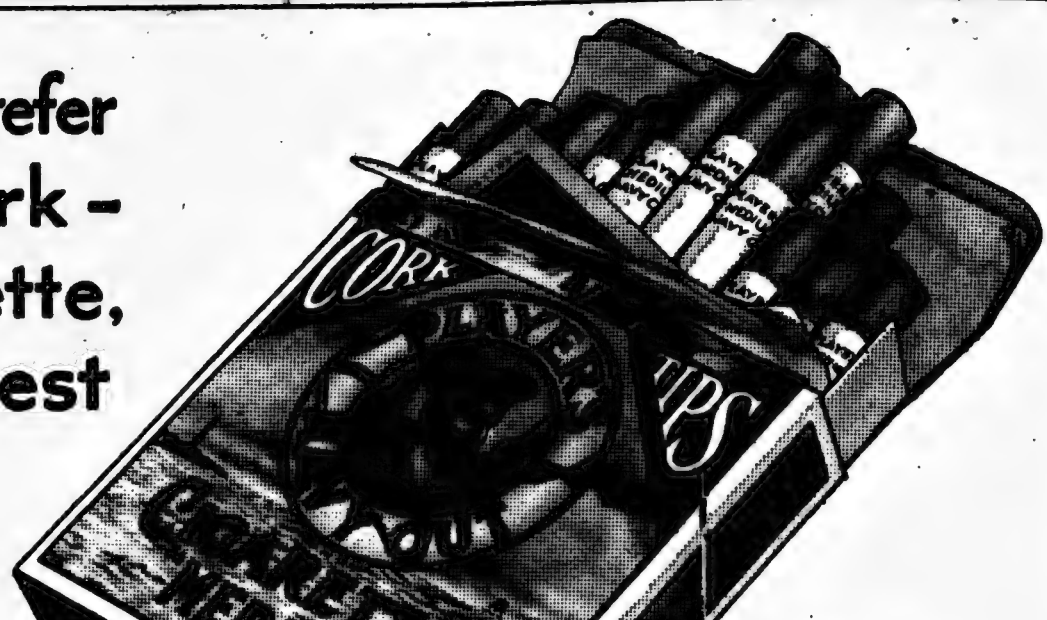
His prophecy was accurate. The landlady was in arrears with her rent, and though, during the succeeding weeks, bailiffs frequently distrained upon one article of furniture and another, the prophetic student from sunny Miranpore did not pay his due!

Making excuses that his allowance was delayed, he even went so far as to borrow moneys from the woman who, trusting him, afforded him food and shelter.

Then one day he went away, leaving an address to which future letters should be forwarded, and from which he faithfully promised to forward the amount he owed.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Babu Lal C. De has never since been seen.

Whether you prefer a plain or cork-tipped cigarette, smoke the best



10 FOR 6D
20 FOR 11½D

"LOOK FOR THE BLUE CORNERS ON CORK-TIPPED PACKETS"

PLAYER'S PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C.160.M.

FIT AGAIN THANKS TO 'ASPRO'

The above remark is quite common to users of 'ASPRO' for, on account of its great variety of uses—its effectiveness—its pain-alleviating properties—its quick action—its power to soothe away pain—to bring sweet sleep to the sleepless and banish rheumatism, 'ASPRO' is a healing and soothing factor which definitely benefits thousands of people daily. Then 'ASPRO,' after ingestion in the system, is a solvent of Uric Acid—a powerful germicide—an internal antiseptic—and an antipyretic or fever reducer which attacks the causes of numerous complaints. That's why—

'ASPRO' BANISHES THE PAIN OF MILLIONS

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents:
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MADE BY 'ASPRO' LIMITED, SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

'ASPRO' REG. TRADE MARK

FAMILY BENEFITED BY 'ASPRO'

68, Oliphant Street, Queen's Park,
Dear Sir, London, W.10
I must write and thank you for the relief of neuralgia and rheumatism; my family and I have received great benefit from your 'ASPRO.' It is a sure remedy for almost any complaint.
Yours truly, J. WISEMAN.

Try 'ASPRO' for

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' PRICELESS AFTER NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

4, Park Place Villas,
Maiden Hill West,
Dear Sir, London, W.2.
I am writing to tell you of the great benefit I have received by taking your famous 'ASPRO.' I suffered for two years with a nervous breakdown. I tried lots of patent medicines but of no use till I tried 'ASPRO.' I got on from the first day I began taking them and more than pleased to say I have never felt better in my life. I would not be without them for anything. They are worth talking about. I tell all my friends they are "priceless."—Yours truly,
L. N. WILLIAMS (Miss).

SLEEPLESSNESS AND VIOLENT HEADACHES GO

Dear Sirs, Wirral.
I feel it my duty to write to you about the benefit I have derived from your wonderful tablets. They have been a godsend to me as I have been a sufferer from sleeplessness and violent headaches for years. I was also unable to walk any great distance, but after one month's course of 'ASPRO' I feel a new woman. I began to find relief from the first. I have recommended them to a great many people here and other places confident that they will find the relief from pain marvellous.
Yours faithfully, J. S.

EXTRA TABLETS FREE!

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 10 extra tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO.' The next cheapest way is the 1/3 packet which contains two extra tablets.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

All Leading CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK & DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

DEAD MAN ALIVE!

WORST WAR PENSION BLUNDER YET

KINEMA - GOERS throughout Britain have, in the last few weeks, been fascinated by the talking-film version of the bizarre but famous war story entitled "Three Live Ghosts."

They saw depicted the possible predicaments of a trio of men shattered in the Great War who were presumed to be dead, but who made a belated return from German war-prison camps.

Even in their most imaginative and grimmest passages, the authors of this book and scenario did not conceive anything so seemingly fantastic as the true story of the death, survival and sufferings of Mr. Joseph Goldie Davidson.

Davidson has been officially dead for seventeen years. But anyone who passes along the Manchester-Buxton road today may see him propped up on a couch and gazing from a window of his tiny cottage in the hamlet of Tunstead Milton, outside Whaley Bridge, on the boundary of Cheshire and Derbyshire.

Once of robust and normal physique, Davidson is now, at forty-one, only seven stone in weight and a sad shadow of his former manhood. His body is racked by a perpetual cough—the consequence of poison-gas.

When he rises from his invalid couch by the window he staggers in his gait—the consequence of shrapnel wounds in the muscles of the thigh.

Yet he, his wife and three children are paupers, dependent on public charity.

There are in existence scores of medical certificates showing that because of his war disabilities Davidson is incapacitated from work. Nevertheless, he is denied an honourable pension.

For Joseph Goldie Davidson does not officially exist.

On the Somme

He was killed, authority said, in the holocaust of the Somme offensive in 1916, and authority does not resurrect its dead, even though the living ghost of one presents itself crying for justice and mercy and offering cast-iron evidence that a phase of its existence had been forgotten.

JOHN BULL was asked to investigate the case of Davidson. We give the result as a plain narrative of facts.

In 1914, Davidson, then twenty-two years of age and an iron-ore miner at Cleator Moor, in Cumberland, enlisted, three weeks after the outbreak of war, in the Border Regiment.

Two years later—in July, 1916—after constant service with that regiment, he was at a base camp at Etaples, in France.

Regardless of the regiments to which they belonged, all the available infantrymen at the British bases were then rushed up to the fighting line to the denuded battalions operating in the great Somme attack.

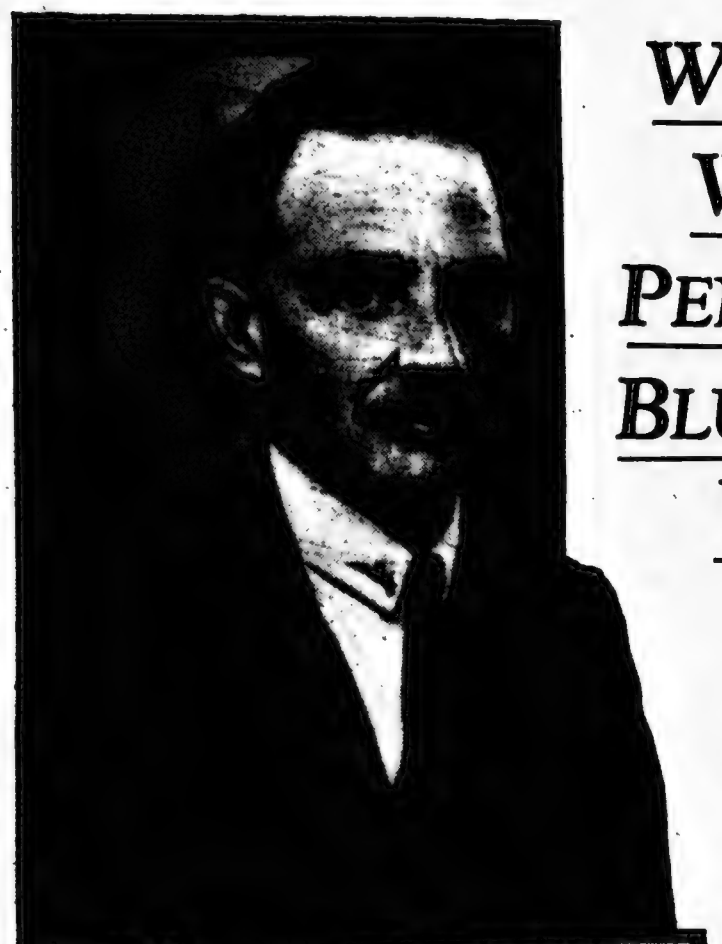
Davidson was sent with reinforcements to the 16th ("Pals") Battalion of the Manchester Regiment on the eve of its heroic and historic assault at Guillemont. His quick transfer from the Border Regiment to the Manchester Regiment is the beginning of his drama.

In the swift happenings of those desperate days, when front-line units were calling hourly for wastage to be made good, Davidson's transfer was not apparently recorded.

The enemy knew well that the Guillemont attack was coming at dawn on Sunday, July 30, and for hours before it they drenched the position of the 16th Manchester with gas.

The result was that most of the men of the "Pals" Battalion went over tottering with sickness. Davidson was one of them. Apart from the terrible number of known casualties, ninety-seven members of the 16th Manchesters were reported as missing after the action. Davidson's name was in the list.

For many months afterwards, Davidson's parents in Cumberland, hoping that he might be a prisoner-of-war, addressed letters to him by way of neutral countries to the German War Office.



Joseph Goldie Davidson has the unique experience of being able to read his own "memorial" card. But officialdom cannot believe that he is really alive!

Not knowing that he had been suddenly sent into action with the Manchesters, they described him as belonging to the Border Regiment. As the German authorities had, of course, no cognisance of a prisoner of Davidson's name from the Border Regiment they notified our War Office to that effect.

The parents were officially informed that their son was believed killed.

Memorial cards inscribed "In manhood's pride he fought and died" were printed and sent to relatives and friends.

A prisoner

Memorial services were held in two churches in his native district. Davidson's name was added to the roll of honour.

But Davidson was not dead.

Wounded during the attack by shrapnel in the thigh, he had crawled into and lain helpless for seventeen hours in a shell-hole before being made captive by the enemy.

Thereafter, for nearly a year, he was in various hospitals in Germany under treatment for his wounds and gas-poisoning. The German Red Cross records testify to this fact.

In the summer of 1918 he was sent to a prisoners-of-war camp at Cassel in Prussia, and from there to work at Frau Fischer's farm, near Gladborough. There, with a view to his escape, he was taught German phrases by a woman servant named Maria Biddorf, who is still living in the district.

Next he was placed for harvest-gathering at a farm in Hesse-Nassau in the Rhineland, owned by Herr Johann Pietermann, the burgomaster.

Herr Pietermann confirms that, the harvest long over, he put Davidson on the train to return to the internment camp at Cassel.

Davidson, however, did not go to Cassel. Leaving the train, he took the road westwards to the Rhine in the belief that he might somehow escape.

After long wandering, assisted by the phrases learned from the farm servant-girl, he smuggled aboard a train bound for Cologne. Before the train reached its destination, it was stopped by a detachment of French cavalry.

Unknown to Davidson, while he was making his way to the frontier, the Armistice had been declared.

And the French Army's first mission upon occupying the Rhine was to round up people on the Franco-German frontier who had been suspected throughout the war of engaging in espionage.

When Davidson was taken from the train and found to possess neither identification papers nor a travelling ticket, he was, of course, arrested.

So that his statement that he was an escaping British war-prisoner might be tested, he was sent to a detention camp at Calais. He described himself as having been made prisoner while serving with the 16th Manchesters.

The French authorities had reason to believe that he was really a spy who had assumed the identity of a dead British soldier.

When they enquired at the British War Office they were informed that Private Davidson of the 16th Manchesters had been killed in action.

It was not until after long correspondence with the German military authorities that the French War Office was satisfied and caused him to be returned to England in 1919.

Davidson, on arrival in London, was sent to his home in Cumberland for a month's leave. During that month, when he had virtually come back from the grave to his family, he received by post his demobilisation papers—*from the Border Regiment.*

And it was stated on these documents that he had never served with any other regiment and had never been wounded.

Davidson at once pointed out that he had been a casualty with the Manchester Regiment, had been a war-prisoner, and in the Manchester Regiment records was officially dead.

No notice was taken.

A few months later he was married at his Cumberland home by one of the clergymen who, two years previously, had conducted his memorial service.

Davidson went back to work in the iron-ore mines. Soon, however, the medical advisers of his employers declared him to be unfit for underground work because of fibrosis of the lungs due to gas-poisoning

He went to work at the tunnelling of Ben Nevis, but one day collapsed and was carried out on a stretcher. His relatives had to be sent for.

There is medical testimony that on twelve jobs since then Davidson has collapsed in consequence of the condition of his lungs or his wounds.

Doctors in Scotland and England have supplied numerous certificates in vain to the war pensions authorities.

The deadlock

Officially, the position was that Private J. G. Davidson of the Border Regiment was never wounded and Private J. G. Davidson of the Manchester Regiment was killed in action!

Five years ago, as an act of grace, the Ministry of Pensions had him examined. It declared that his leg affliction was only muscular rheumatism.

Two years ago, again as an act of grace, he was put under X-ray examination and several foreign bodies were seen to be in his thigh

But not until last year, twelve months later, *when the wound had opened,* was he admitted to the Pensions Ministry hospital at Mossley Hill, Liverpool, as a further act of grace.

He was there for many weeks, and two pieces of shrapnel were removed.

Still the pensions authorities refused to admit that he was disabled. They could not. Davidson of the Manchesters was dead and Davidson of the Border Regiment had not been wounded.

Was it not in the records?

Even the seventeen-years-old shrapnel taken from his limb was not evidence. They still refused his claim to pension and would not even grant the statutory allowance to his wife and children while he was under treatment.

Great privations

At the instance of the British Legion, the poor, helpless fellow was recently examined thoroughly by one of the most eminent surgeons in Britain—Colonel F. H. Westmacott, of Manchester, a former Director of the Army Medical Service and honorary surgeon to the King.

In the most emphatic language Colonel Westmacott has declared Davidson to be disabled by wounds and gas.

The Pensions Ministry still shakes its head. Davidson is either dead or was never disabled. It will not give way.

Meanwhile, this returned war victim and his family have suffered terrible privations.

Often they have gone for days on end without nourishment of any kind, and they are under the constant dread of losing their small home.

For the honour of Britain this ghastly episode of the war, with the pauperisation and suffering of the family involved, must be ended.

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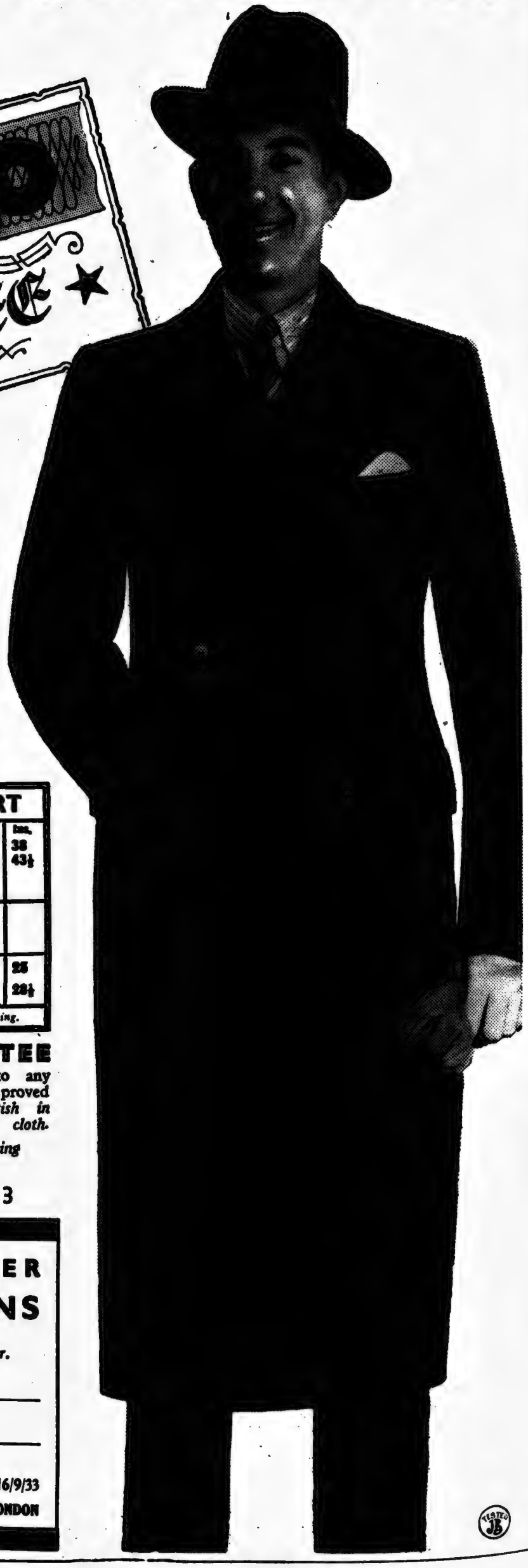

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	Chest	39	40	42	44	
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BOYS' HOME: *Startling Charges*

SIX members of the staff engaged in social welfare work among the least fortunate of London's working boys have just resigned their positions at Rossie House, a hostel of the Homes for Working Boys in London, at Champion Hill, Dulwich, S.E.—all during the last few weeks.

It sounds incredible that, when employment is scarce, people should deliberately throw themselves out of work, yet investigation reveals that this startling fact is all too true.

Two young men social workers were the first to resign. They were followed by a third, and almost immediately the post of gardener was declared vacant. The cook and her husband, sharing a joint position, likewise resigned.

Rossie House is one of seven hostels under distinguished patronage, governed by a charitable organisation founded fifty years ago, and supported by voluntary donations, subscriptions, grants and legacies.

But charitable persons who give generously to the funds for the upkeep of such places have a right to know what goes on inside the walls. And they cannot fail to be alarmed when resignations take place on this wholesale scale.

We have made a special enquiry into the circumstances, and find that these six members of the staff threw up their posts in disgust at the conditions prevailing at Rossie House.

Little to spend

There are seventy-five lads, of ages ranging from fourteen to eighteen, who make this hostel their home.

Among these boys are war orphans, boys transferred from county institutions, boys found unfit for service in the Navy, and others with no alternative dwelling-place.

All are learning to be self-supporting.

They are employed in various capacities outside the home as assistants to bakers, office boys, clerks, as kitchen boys, lift attendants, and as factory workers.

They are required to surrender their entire earnings to the House authorities, with the exception of a trifling sum, ranging from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d., according to age, which is allowed them each week for pocket money and other necessaries.

From this meagre allowance they are expected to purchase themselves common necessities, like boot-polish and tooth-paste, so it needs no mathematician to determine how much is left for amusement, pleasure, or the indulgence of hobbies.

Fining them

But some do not even get all their pocket money, for there is in existence an unduly harsh system of fines.

One lad was fined the other day for saying "Good night" to his chum after the "lights out" bell had gone.

A worse example of this harshness is afforded by the case of another boy who did not attend the annual sports. He was fined 1s.

No one could possibly uphold such a system of fines in an institution where the boys are all contributing to their keep from their meagre pay.

One of the officials, who recently devoted sixteen hours a day to the boys' welfare, resigned mainly because all his efforts to create entertainment and diversions for them were ruined by the restrictions he encountered.

He states that the gymnasium is often locked and its use restricted. The lads who, their work over, could be happily and healthily employed therein have to find other diversion.

In the same way he points out that a table-tennis outfit—a charitable gift acknowledged with thanks in the annual report—is not always available for the boys.

No breakfast

Billiard tables, for which a championship cup was awarded as an incentive to play, are kept in the locked gymnasium.

This official, who has had considerable experience in handling boys, also condemns the system of "fines."

During his term of office he saw cases where some of the fines imposed for trivial offences amounted to as much as ten shillings. He was amazed to find that those who fail to rise promptly are sent to work without breakfast. This, he thinks, is carrying discipline too far.

Most of these lads have hard work to do, but the quantity of nourishing food provided at Rossie House is frequently insufficient.

Here are the week's breakfasts, taken from a recent "Dietary" Table":

Sunday: Dripping.
Monday: Jam. Coffee.
Tuesday: Pilchards.
Wednesday: Marmalade.
Thursday: Sausages.
Friday: Eggs. Coffee.
Saturday: Force.

Poor fare, surely, for growing lads who have to go to work, and who are contributing most of their earnings towards their keep!

The woman who has just relinquished her post as cook declares that she found frequent cause for complaint.

On one occasion she was handed an absurdly small quantity of mutton with which to provide dinner for a total of eighty-one persons.

At another time she was given a quite inadequate amount of fish to be similarly divided. No further supplies were available.

It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that six married couples have resigned in the kitchen at Rossie House within the past two years!

The rations divided among the boys at this hostel are quite inadequate.

On Sunday morning, after their bread-and-dripping breakfast, these lads are packed off to divine service at a near-by church. No consideration is given to the various faiths to which they may belong, but they are fined a shilling should they fail to attend, and this sum is deducted from the trifle they are each allowed for pocket-money at the end of the week!

No boots

Another complaint concerns the drinking-water facilities. There is only one drinking-water tap for the whole establishment, and that is in the kitchen. After the evening meal no one can get a drink till one is doled out at 9 p.m. It is forbidden to go to the tap in the kitchen.

Although funds are not lacking, boys are often sent out to work ill-clad.

One employer recently complained to the home that, unless it could give the boy new boots, he could not be kept on. The firm had repeatedly replaced the lad's footwear at its own expense!

There is a beautiful garden, but the boys are frequently forbidden to walk or rest there. The music-room is equipped with a piano and an organ, but they are used only for divine service in the evening.

It is a great pity that such a delightful house, which is well equipped in every way, and which possesses all the facilities for providing a real "home," should be the scene of such severe conditions.

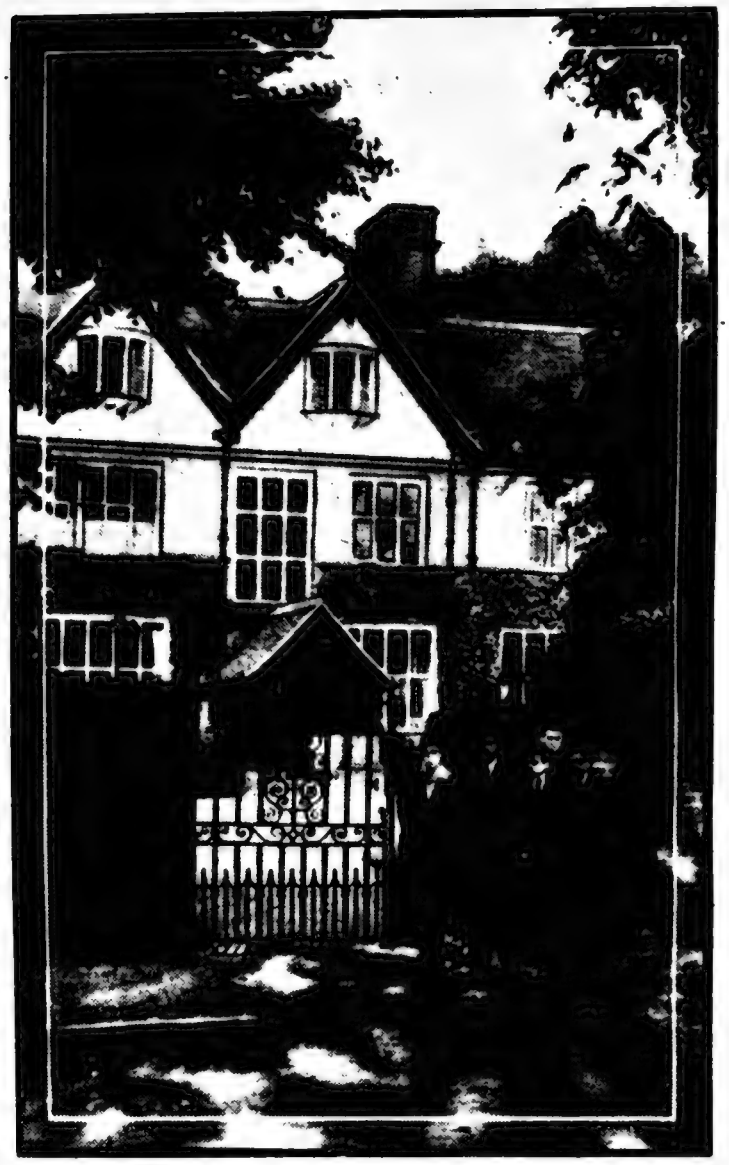
Put it in order!

The income afforded for the support of the lads there is adequate. The allowance of 24s. a week in respect of most is made up by the boy's own contribution of his wages, from donations, and from subscriptions by local authorities.

We are loth to criticise in any way the organisation of the Homes for Working Boys in London, which is an old-established charity that has done much good work. But it is in the public interest that these facts should be made known.

Rossie House is only one of several hostels run by this particular charity, and we can but urge those responsible to look very thoroughly into these complaints and put its affairs on the same basis as the others.

When that is done, perhaps a thought will be spared for those six public-spirited people who threw up their jobs rather than be parties to such grievous mismanagement as we have here described.



Rossie House and some of the lads whose home it is

The Human Machine

WHO'S a FOOL?

MANY a person goes to a doctor and is given a dose of medicine when what he really needs is a big dose of George Robey or Gracie Fields. "It was not for nothing," said someone, "that in the days of old a dignified king had his Court Jester. Without a jester the solemnities of the Court would have been unbearable. There had to be one person at the Court who was set free from decorum, in his gay cap and with his bells, to bring a laugh now and then, in between the scowls and the formalities."

There is nothing in the world so depressing as a man who takes himself and life with deadly seriousness; and if two such people are together for any length of time you can safely bet your last penny on the fact that, within a reasonable time, they will be hard at work quarrelling!

If you can't laugh you can't be cheerful. If you can't be cheerful you can't be enthusiastic. If you can't be enthusiastic you can't be optimistic. If you can't be optimistic you might as well be dead. Yes—there's something to be said for the ability to laugh!

"Fun," said a writer, "has never been appreciated at its true value. All religions and industrial systems frown on frivolity. No sacred book contains a Commandment in favour of laughter. Is not that one of the reasons why these books are steadily losing their power over the hearts of men?"

If you're not feeling up to the mark, try a dose of laughter before you fly to a dose of medicine. It's ten to one that's what you really need. For there's no quicker way to soul-killing depression than to imagine that everyone's a fool except yourself.

If you think that, the truth is probably just the other way round.

"PAGEANT of the CENTURY"

A history of a generation pictorially reviewed. See special announcement next week!

HUGE FRIENDLY SO

FRAU

Members Robbed of Hundreds of Thousands

Sir George Stuart Robertson, K.C., Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies. "His hands are more than full"

IT will come as a shock to most people to learn that such provisions as exist for the protection of members of the Friendly Societies of this country are so completely inadequate that repeated frauds by officials of the less reputable concerns are perpetrated as a result.

Where members of Friendly Societies could once be counted by the thousand they are now numbered by the million.

In 1931, the last year for which figures are available, over 7,511,000 members were paying regular subscriptions to different societies registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts alone, while their recorded assets amounted to no less than £299,000,000.

Then, in addition to numerous industrial assurance and building societies, over 8,800,000 people belonged to other institutions registered under the Friendly Societies Acts, whose assets in the same year amounted to a further £120,000,000.

With staggering figures like these involved it can be seen at a glance what vast interests are to be safeguarded.

Yet the law relating to such societies, which should be as fraud-proof as possible, is really full of loopholes.

Careless auditors

That is why countless complaints are always arising about certain societies because funds are insecure, because balance-sheets are vague, because benefits have not been paid, because assets have disappeared, because essential information is withheld or because auditors are not qualified to hold their posts.

Of course, there are numerous well-established societies against which there can be no breath of suspicion. They will be the first to support us in our contention that the law relating to Friendly Societies as a whole needs drastic revision.

In fact, it was officially realised as far back as 1860, when the problem was by no means so pressing as it is to-day, that some steps should be taken to bring the movement under a central authority.

An institution called the Registry of Friendly Societies then came into being with powers to compel all societies to register and lodge various returns of their accounts. It was decided, too, that the Registrar should be empowered to seek the aid of the Director of Public Prosecutions at his discretion.

This most important organisation performs truly splendid work, but now that there are some 30,000 Friendly Societies in this country, it will be appreciated that it has its hands more than full.

But what is more vital is that those hands are terribly tied through the antiquated nature of the regulations the Registrar is expected to administer.

In these circumstances the gravest financial scandals are possible. Dishonest officials may often operate with impunity.

Even in cases where the Registrar may suspect a coming crash he may be unable to intervene because he lacks sufficient powers to demand the disclosure of figures that would confirm his suspicions.

What could be more scandalous than a case of fraud which came to light only last summer.

A cashier named Henry James Cowell, who was in charge of funds of a branch of the Ancient Order of Foresters Friendly Society, was found to have been committing irregularities over a long period.

It's so easy!

When arrested his comment is illuminating:

"I am sorry," he said, "but I found it so easy to do these things. The system of auditing was such that they could be done . . . and nothing could be found out."

An incredible thing is that auditing represents one of the most grave problems in the administration of Friendly Societies.

Scarcely a week passes without some fault being found by the Registrar disclosing laxity on the part of auditors, some of them, as we shall later show, holding public appointments.

So, if auditors can be deluded and the Registrar is not armed with sufficient powers to intervene in the early stages, when it might be possible to avert a crash, it is hardly surprising that frauds flourish.

Consider the following incident which occurred the other day at a conference held in London by the Independent Order of Rechabites:

Sir George Stuart Robertson, K.C., the Registrar of Friendly Societies, was not there in person, but he sent a remarkable letter, which he asked should be read to the members.

"Serious losses," his letter ran, "are constantly being brought to light, running into thousands of pounds, in one society or another. . .

"These losses would have been averted if the most elementary precautions had been taken by the auditors."

He went on to advocate the general employment of public auditors only because, unlike lay accountants, they are required by law to ensure that every detail in an account or return is vouched for and correct or that any exceptions have been specially noted and brought to the attention of the society concerned.

The wisdom of Sir George Stuart Robertson's advice cannot be disputed. Yet he cannot enforce it. The most he can do so restricted is he in his great work, is to give societies a hint to take precautions which should really be compulsory if roguery is to be put down.

Let us cite one or two recent discoveries of irregularities and various types of abuses to illustrate how very vital this problem is in all its phases.

The affairs of a Scottish branch of a famous friendly society were under review for years. Its accounts were very belated and unsatisfactorily prepared, and in due course it was found that it had long been improperly conducted and was insolvent.

"Fraudulent"

At one crisis in its career, while it had a deficiency of £212,238, it cheerfully continued to collect subscriptions from new and younger members, who were left in the dark as to its perilous position.

As far back as 1925, we find, Sir George Stuart Robertson and his assistants were struggling to obtain vital information.

A return, showing the society's true position, with an expert valuation of its assets and liabilities, which was then due, was never in fact rendered.

Four years later the Registrar was still pressing for it in vain. Although poor people were still being invited to join this society, and though it was a foregone conclusion that benefits to older members were being paid with these new subscriptions, the Registrar was powerless to intervene.

In the end, when all efforts to secure the vital return had failed, and the society's officials sought to operate in a new name, Sir Stuart Robertson refused to register it on the ground that its policy of inviting new members to join, when its financial position was so unsatisfactory, constituted a "fraudulent act."

Registrar's difficulties

That is only one of hundreds of instances. In a large dossier of information before us we have details of numerous cases in all parts of the country where the same principle is involved.

Sir George Stuart Robertson has admitted in many instances where irregularities have come to light that proceedings cannot be taken "because of the difficulty of ascertaining who was responsible, owing to laxity in the financial arrangements and absence of proper supervision."

A scandalous state of affairs was revealed recently when creditors succeeded in putting the Airedale Co-operative Worsted Manufacturing Society into liquidation.

Each year, from 1923 to the date of the voluntary winding-up, the accounts had been falsified!

Value of stock had been overstated and inflated to the extent of thousands of pounds. Fictitious sales had been recorded. False entries had been made in the cash book.

When the scandal was reported to the Director of Public Prosecutions he refused to take action, on the grounds that it was not a case where proceedings could be taken at "public expense."

Thus, through the general inadequacy of the regulations, members of this society were misled for nearly ten years by accounts so improperly compiled.

A scandal of a varied kind is revealed in the case of the Midland Thrift and Benefit Friendly Society, which to the outward world passed as a reputable organisation for providing a wide range of benefits for men, women and children.

Our warning

Actually, it was a ghastly swindle, dominated by one man, whose "committee" was composed of people who were kept in ignorance of what was going on.

Its career was cut short by a criminal prosecution, and it figures in one of the Registrar's reports as a glaring example of fraud.

This will be of particular interest to JOHN BULL readers, since a warning was published in these pages while the society was still operating.

Then there is the lamentable case of the Hearts of Oak Assurance Company, Ltd., whose latter history calls for the closest investigation by our legislators.

It stands in liquidation to-day with over £100,000 at stake.

The man who brought about its downfall is a convicted alien named George Weigand Medewar, who was exposed in JOHN BULL in 1927 under the heading "The Prince of Schemers —a Cosmopolitan Rascal."

There could be no more striking commentary on the laxity of regulations governing Friendly Societies than that this man, who is a Syrian, who has posed variously as an

OCIETY

DS

It was at this impressive gathering of high officials of the Independent Order of Rechabites that it was decided to act upon the Chief Registrar's appeal for the general appointment of qualified auditors—a splendid example which all Friendly and Provident Societies should follow

Egyptian, a Frenchman, an Italian and a Britisher, and who has conducted company frauds in several countries, was able, after deportation, to come back here, assume control of a reputable society, and plunge it to ruin.

His activities make the regulations appear ludicrous, as, indeed, they are.

Thrice bankrupt — once for £110,100—he assumed control of the Hearts of Oak Assurance Company by a trick. Had the slightest enquiry been made about him the above facts would have come to light. As it was, he had a clear field and was able to convert the bulk of the company's assets to his own uses.

It is due entirely to the high efficiency of the Registrar of Friendly Societies that an enquiry was commenced on suspicion, and followed through with painstaking persistency to a successful conclusion.

Some idea of the extensive scope of this enquiry may be gathered from the fact that the Assistant Registrar, Mr. John Fox, had to sit on boards of investigation in all parts of the country, his travels taking him to places as far apart as Newcastle and Cardiff.

Cases are common where a public auditor, called in because of complaints from the Registrar about badly compiled returns, has immediately discovered serious defalcations.

Manipulation!

This was so with the Sherburn Hill Co-operative Provision Society, Ltd., where the new auditor found that cash was being banked several days after receipt, and that some hundreds of pounds were being used to cover up an undisclosed deficiency.

Further enquiry also revealed a large defalcation by a simple manipulation of share and loan accounts.

Another case may be cited where defalcations were brought home to a secretary of a branch of a well-known society after his accounts had been passed for three years by lay auditors. The magistrates expressed the view that the crime was possible only because unqualified auditors had been employed.

Another glaring instance, involving a deficiency of £90,000, gave the Registrar endless anxiety for years, during which he pressed for essential information in vain.

In the end investigation revealed a staggering list of irregularities, including misappropriations, false entries, faked balance-sheets, forged documents and bogus debts put in to cover up the deficiency.

Had a fully qualified accountant been employed this deplorable crash could not have happened.

There is one case on record where the Registrar was forced to have the rules of a society altered before he could gain information that had previously been withheld! He then discovered that large amounts shown vaguely under the heading "Investments" were really sunk in commercial concerns run separately by the same men who controlled the society!

In some cases figures presented have been so grossly inaccurate that proceedings have been taken, which have ended in the lay auditors going to prison.

The extent of the various irregularities practised is shown by the fact that last year alone 300 special reports were called for from newly appointed public auditors. Nearly all disclosed grave defalcations or other irregularities by the officials of the societies concerned.

And the Registrar has now admitted that he is faced with the fact that the number of defalcations is steadily increasing, and that there is likewise a growing reluctance to prosecute.

Then, quite apart from frauds, there is the problem of societies altering their rules and rates of benefit without first of all taking the advice of an actuary, or even, in some cases, of giving any previous consideration at all to the question of the financial consequences which must inevitably ensue, and has often led to disaster owing to the temptation to cover up resultant deficiencies.

Other problems

That the loopholes really make temptation strong is best evidenced by the fact that during the past two years even public auditors have fallen. Thirty have been removed from the list for various offences, which include failure to render returns, inefficient audits, and failure to carry out proper audits for several years.

In such cases the Registrar brings their negligence to the notice of His Majesty's Treasury.

A notable instance occurred in connection with a society called the Pocklington and District Small Holdings, Ltd.

When the books were sent to the Registrar for inspection he discovered that, though the annual returns for a number of years were shown to be compiled up to the end of each year, they actually included sums which did not relate to the periods at all.

As it was clear that the public auditor had not carried out his audits properly, and had passed accounts which did not disclose that an official held a large amount of the society's cash at the end of each year, his appointment was not renewed.

Astonishing measures have been adopted by administrative officials of Friendly Societies to avoid exposure. To secure their re-election at annual meetings some have had false membership books printed to admit accomplices who could outvote their opponents!

The remedy

Instances are not lacking in the smaller societies where frauds have been covered up by the use of such devices as false bank pass-books, false balance-sheets and forged share withdrawal forms.

All this combines to show that while many societies are properly conducted a great movement is being marred by scandals of the worst kind. Yet surely the remedy is simple enough?

The employment of fully qualified auditors should be compulsory.

The Registrar should have adequate powers to compel societies to yield essential returns, and all the regulations relating to their conduct should be carefully considered and revised.

The Annual National Conference of leading Friendly Societies has been arranged to open this week. We commend to it the consideration of all these pressing problems.

What to do
IF YOUR DOG SCRATCHES

WHEN a dog's blood is impure he suffers a dreadful itching sensation under the skin, and he scratches in a vain attempt to get relief.
Your dog's blood is impure just now. He is scratching because the constant overheating he endured during the summer has left his blood overloaded with impurities (when a dog overheats on warm days blood impurities develop rapidly). Without your help he cannot get rid of those impurities, because his skin is non-porous and he cannot perspire. You must provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders to purify the blood and tone up the system.
Provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders TO-DAY, and in a few days' time he will be absolutely free from the misery of scratching.
Bob Martin's Condition Powders prevent, and quickly cure, all blood disorders, such as **continual scratching, listlessness, loss of appetite, sulky temper, loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes.**
1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores. L.S.6
BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS
Keep dogs fit—ALWAYS

Plenty of Money—

—but she pays only SIXPENCE for her face Powder

She can afford every expensive luxury. But, her precious complexion—she entrusts only to Mousse of Cream face powder. She knows it does away with enlarged pores and shine; gives her skin a smooth dull finish that brings out natural complexion beauty. Poudre Tokalon is the only face powder which contains Mousse of Cream. This is blended by a secret process which assures its immediate effect. It stays on four times as long as other powders—in all kinds of weather, day or night, no matter what you do. Is not affected by perspiration. Thus, with pure Poudre Tokalon, you are guaranteed a beautiful complexion for sixpence, or your money is refunded.

A DEATH

IN my life there has been enough adventure to fill a boy's library, but I think the closest shave I ever had was when I escaped over a ship's side while 230 natives who were thirsting for my blood were held at bay with firehoses.

Even then bullets came singing after me.

The ironical part was that I had been trying to do a good turn to those natives. Let me tell you how this strange adventure happened.

During the Great War thousands of coloured men flocked from all corners of the Empire to fight for Britain. After the signing of the Armistice many of these men were demobilised in England. In 1920 I made the astonishing discovery that hundreds of them were stranded in various parts of England, *literally starving*.

Perhaps originally they had chosen to remain in this country, but many now found that this choice was a bad one and were anxious to return to their homes in Somaliland, India, Arabia, West Africa, Mauritius—a dozen different places in fact, half-way across the globe.

Nobody had undertaken the responsibility of their repatriation, but something had to be done at once, as in London alone some 400 of them were faced with destitution.

The first thing to do was to rush supplies of food to them. You should have seen them fall upon that first meal! They were like starving wolves.

Having so far befriended them, the obvious thing to do seemed to be to offer help to get them out of the country. I did this without the least idea of what a task I was tackling. The job (which nearly cost me my life) occupied the best part of three years!

"I clambered down the companion ladder, congratulating myself on my success, turned round, and found myself facing three loaded revolvers"

FOR the contingent which nearly murdered me a whole ship had been chartered. A special train to load her was run down from Scotland through England, picking up a few natives here, a few there, until the full complement of six hundred had been crowded on board.

The train was due to arrive at the port just after midnight on a certain Sunday. I was down at the station to meet it. No one could have been more thankful than I when the first distant roar came through the night.

For weeks I had scarcely rested, there had been so much to do. I had puzzled and arranged and rearranged.

No one who has not tried it could conceive the difficulties of shipping six hundred natives of a dozen different creeds to a dozen different destinations.

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories
53

There had to be special sleeping arrangements, special washing arrangements, special kitchens and hospitals.

For weeks my head was a whirl of cogitations and adjustments. I was the most relieved man alive when everything was at last completed and I went down to meet the train that was hurrying my passengers to me.

"Now," thought I, "they have simply to be drafted on board." How mistaken I was! My smile, when I heard the sound of the approaching engine, would have been a groan if I had known.

Indifferent to the trouble it was bringing me, my "special" steamed into the platform. I stood up in expectation, looking for the opening of doors and a flood of black humanity pouring on to the platform. Instead, nothing happened. . . .

I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Then, slowly, the doors opened. I could not believe it. In place of six hundred—*six* rather bewildered natives climbed out of that train and faced me.

The other five hundred and ninety-four had vanished!

The only trace of them was their baggage. *That* was there all right. The train was crammed with it. But except for the lonely six there was not a sign of the owners. They had trickled on to that train and off again like water through a sieve.

It was after midnight. The train had come hundreds of miles. At that hour of the night nothing could be done.

I turned my attention to finding quarters for the minute remnant, and storage for the piles of baggage. Obviously the ship could not now sail for several days.

I obtained the use of a huge shed down on the wharf. All night I worked getting it ready.

BEFORE morning the telephone wires began to buzz with messages from all parts of the country. The lost natives were coming to light, and I was kept busy dictating replies to remote police stations.

"Six Somalis stranded here," they telegraphed. "Have your address. Please wire instructions."

"Five Lascars in charge here."

"A dozen Indians missed train at this junction. Please instruct."

My word! I had a time of it. All next day the messages kept coming and a few of the stray natives began to arrive. They kept turning up in dribs and drabs until, by Wednesday morning, 230

That Second Thought!

Real life provides us with many Æsop's Fables. They are just as full of rich wisdom, although they are true.

Here, for instance, is one we have received from a reader, a housewife living at Newton Heath, Manchester. Not a word of embellishment of her dramatic story is needed.

"I WOULD like to relate a sad incident which befell us just a few days before last Christmas.

"We have always had a jolly Christmas with our four children, but, as times were rather hard, we decided to do without our papers—just for a month or so—to help towards our savings. I had taken JOHN BULL for four years, but then I broke it off, along with other papers and books.

"Three days before the great occasion I was upstairs, with my mind full of the joys of the Christmas shopping that was just going to begin, when I heard from the kitchen the muffled little cry of 'Mummy!'

"I dashed in, to find that the tragedy we had managed to avoid throughout our fourteen years of happy married life had come at last.

"Flames reached the ceiling. Two cupboards, the whole week's washing, even the picture-rail, was alight. And right in the middle, too terrified to move and in dreadful danger, was my little girl, our baby.

"Something gave me courage. I pulled her out into the garden, and then, returning to fight the fire single-handed with a bucket of water, eventually put it out. With trembling limbs I sat down and surveyed the awful damage, feeling very sad about the old JOHN BULLS that lay about which could be of no use now. Nobody could help us now, I reflected.

"You can tell what I felt like when I realised that I had no fire insurance—so sure had I been that I would never have a fire."

Fate sometimes strikes more than once. It was so in this reader's case. Only a short time ago the fire fiend visited her again, but, in describing this second experience, she says:—

"As I was raking through the charred remains of some of the ruined things I thanked my lucky stars when I recalled filling in a coupon as soon as we started to take JOHN BULL again."

We said that this reader's personal story needed no addition of any kind. But perhaps it does—the few words necessary to give it a happy ending.

Because she signed a coupon similar to the one you will find to-day on page 34, her mind has been set at rest. She has received our cheque to put matters right again.

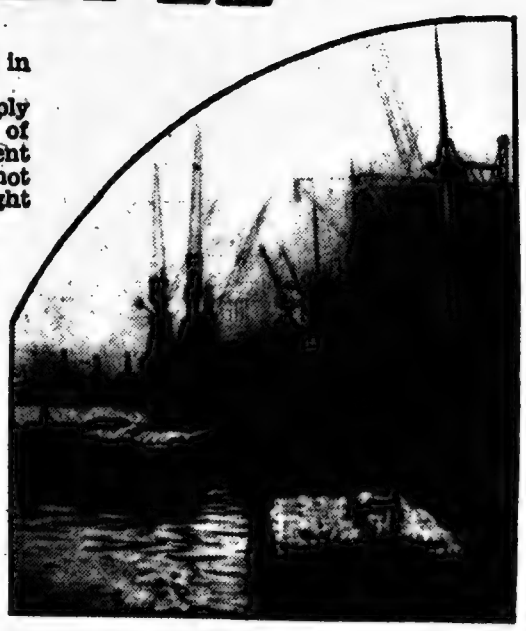
THREAT—for doing a GOOD TURN

of them were quartered in the shed in the docks.

What a task I had getting a supply of blankets and the special kinds of food necessary for the different nationalities! The Hindoos would not eat meat; the Mahommedans thought bacon was polluted.

I thought they were all a hopeless nuisance, but, of course, I had to bear with their idiosyncrasies, and accommodate them as much as possible.

It was only after I had got them all fed and housed that I realised a terrible error had been made. Take this tip from me in case you ever have to handle some hundreds of natives single-handed. *Never, in any circumstances, house them all together.* At all costs, keep them broken into small groups.



At the London Docks, where the rebellious blacks finally sailed from this country

FINDING themselves in big numbers gives certain kinds of natives a feeling of boldness which makes them bullying and truculent. Before I knew where I was my charges were simmering with rebellion.

They began to make impossible demands, and refused to embark unless these were granted. For instance, they asked that all the gear that they had deposited in a thousand pawnshops up the length and breadth of England should be redeemed and restored to them.

Those who had formed alliances with white women began to demand to have their families collected and shipped along with them.

And, lastly, they now declared that not a man would go on board until he had a guarantee that he would land at the other end with ten English pounds to tide him over till he found work in his own country!

What on earth was I to do?

As though this development was not enough, a rumour began to run round the town that a mad padre was collecting all the coloured riff-raff of England and housing them where they were threatening to break out at any moment and loot the shops and homes of the inhabitants!

Citizens protested. Police were sent down to the wharf.

This well-meant action was like pouring petrol on lighted tinder. The natives thought they were being put under arrest, and for a little while there was real danger of an open revolt and the riot the townspeople anticipated. I only managed to restore peace by promising to send the police away and taking upon my own shoulders responsibility for the good behaviour of the whole disgruntled 230.

The police retired out of sight, and I was left to reason with the horde. I would sooner have tried to drive reason into 230 sacks of coal!

I INSISTED that they must go on board without delay. If they didn't I knew the police would appear again. They refused point-blank unless their demands were acceded to.

Three times I had the tender brought up to the wharf—an expensive process each time. Three times the natives stubbornly refused to board it. They were getting more and more restive. I was at my wits' end. I only knew one thing. I was determined not to be beaten. My blood was up that day. I set my teeth and told myself I *had* to master them.

The tender came alongside for the last time. It was now or never. I climbed on to a pile of sacks so that they could all see me. I shook my fist at them and harangued them with all the power in my lungs.

"If you aren't all on board in ten minutes," I roared, "I will have every man jack of you clapped into prison!"

I don't know what I should have done if they had defied me. Fortunately, I never had to decide. For a minute . . . two . . . three minutes, they wavered and murmured.

I took out my watch.

"Ten minutes!" I threatened.

At last their spokesman stood up reluctantly.

"We go, sar," he said.

I had won!

They all filed on to the tender, and we put out into the harbour. I had a bad five minutes between the wharf and the ship.

After having strained every nerve to get them aboard the tender I had to battle all over again. A moment's relaxing of vigilance, a moment's slackening of will-power, and their rebelliousness broke out afresh.

They began to refuse to go up the ship's side. I had to harangue them and threaten them again. When at last I got them on board I was pretty nearly exhausted.

THEN came the long, difficult business of "clearing ship." That means giving an account to the captain of the name, nationality, destination, etc., etc., etc., of every single passenger. It was a wild job sorting out which of the six hundred were my 230.

But at last it was completed. I shook hands with the captain, breathed a sigh of relief that must have carried half across the Channel, and prepared to go ashore.

I clambered down the companion ladder, congratulating myself on my success, *turned round, and found myself facing three loaded revolvers.* A trio of huge natives had me covered.

Heaven knows where they obtained their arms. I had no time to think then. They pointed the guns at me and said:

"*You no leave this ship, sar.*"

I demanded an explanation. They dragged up their impossible demands again, and said I should not leave the ship until I had promised to grant them.

I did some quick thinking. The situation was desperate. It was no time for shilly-shallying.

"Go below," I ordered, "and tell your companions that I will see justice is done them." I don't know how they interpreted "justice," but what it meant to me was quite clear.

As soon as the natives had vanished I requested the captain to signal for the armed help which I had previously arranged to have by, and to get out his hot-water hoses.

The tender which was to take me back was already alongside.

AS soon as we saw the help arriving I seized my opportunity. The attention of the natives was distracted by a muffled boom from a gun on board the approaching vessel.

"While I jump for the tender," I said to the captain, "cut away the lashings and hold the natives back with those hoses."

I gave the signal. I jumped.

There was a wild howl from the natives when they found I was escaping. They rushed towards me. There were shrieks and shouts as the columns of water swept them back.

Ping! Ping! Ping!

Bullets came crashing after me. Fortunately, I am a small target. I sprang for the tender and landed safely. . . .

Five minutes later a sheet of water stretched between me and the vessel. Infuriated natives howled after me, but they were powerless to reach me. The tender chugged peacefully back to the wharf.

That night the ship took from England for ever the men who had tried to murder me for doing them a good turn.

NEXT WEEK: A Reader's graphic account of a struggle for life in a blazing wax-works show.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

Phyllis

The Unexpected VISITOR

WHEN nine-year-old Phyllis returned from her drill practice with the Brownies one day last May, she was alarmed to find her home wrecked and a motor-van sticking halfway through their front room.

Her mother was on her way downstairs when she heard the crash, and when she saw what had happened, she collapsed and was taken to hospital.

Fortunately, her two little boys were playing next door at the time of the mishap, and her husband was at the back of the house. Neighbours took the family in, and for eleven weeks the children had to sleep on chairs and the parents on the floor.

Phyllis had only just returned from a convalescent home, where she had been sent for her nerves, and the shock and discomfort caused through the accident to her home brought on a relapse.

Her mother, who was not very strong, having undergone an operation a few years ago, is now suffering from her heart.

The compensation received for damage to the furniture barely covered the loss, and the place was still in a bad state when the family returned to it a few weeks ago.

Phyllis' ex-Service father has been out of work for four years, as he suffers from heart trouble and is fit only for light work. He has to maintain himself, wife, Phyllis and two boys, aged eight and six years, on 32s. a week, which leaves very little for food and clothing when rent and insurances are paid.

"I can't cope with their shoes and clothes," said Phyllis' mother, who, if she is to regain her normal strength, should be free from worry and anxiety.

Donations earmarked "Phyllis" will be gratefully received. They should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

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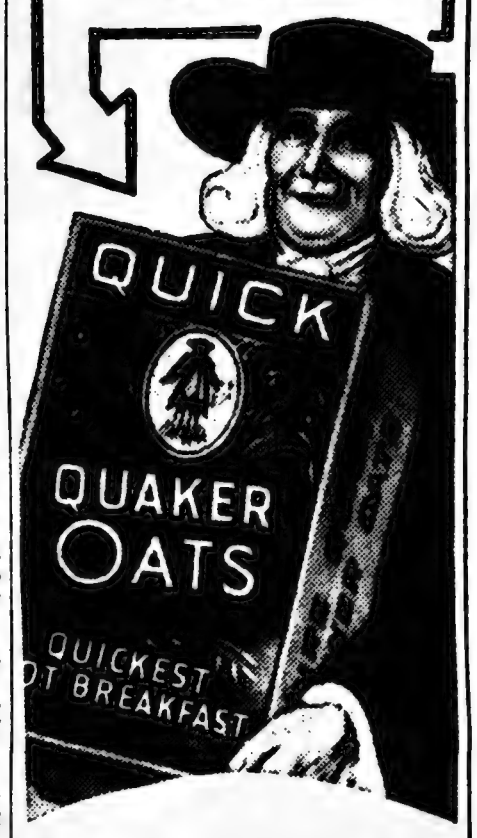

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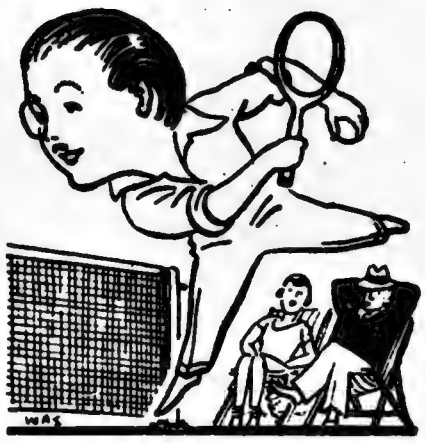

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS *Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

The Wife with a SECRET

"The withholding of secrets is responsible for so much unhappiness" . . . and this man must not lack courage to tell his girl of his past lapse

WHY do so many marriages that promise so well end in disappointment and disillusionment? Not once but hundreds of times do I read words like these: "It is all so different from what I had hoped. Now, when we were courting ——"

It is no use blinding our eyes. The fairy-tale ending of "marriage bells" and "happy ever after" is all too often —a fairy tale.

The old emperor in the play "White Horse Inn" utters this plaintive cry: "Love, they say, often grows cold!"

Why should it? Why should the glamour and romance of courtship fade away? Why should so many homes that ought to be citadels of happiness become centres of despair?

Well, we all know some of the reasons — drink and gambling and violent temper and unfaithfulness. These are what might be called major causes.

But there are others, perhaps not so apparent, yet just as sinister in their effects. Tiny deceits, the withholding of a secret, things trivial in themselves, these are responsible for so much misunderstanding and unhappiness.

I have just been reading a letter from a wife who is seeking my advice on an all too common problem.

"I have," she says, "been married for five years. My husband is in regular employment in the Post Office and we have two children, the elder one being nearly four years old. My husband spends most of his spare time gardening and is deeply devoted to me and the kiddies. We have not had a wrong word since we married and he trusts me implicitly.

"About a year ago I was made treasurer of a mothers' meeting and I had to look after the subscriptions. Unfortunately, having this money by me in the house, I was tempted to use some of it to get things for the home, meaning, of course, to pay it back.

"But time has passed and I have not been able to do so. What is perhaps worse, I made the fatal mistake of not telling my husband.

"Then, early in June, as our summer outing was drawing near, in sheer desperation I did what I had never done before. I went to a woman who lives near by and does a little money-lending on the quiet.

"I managed to keep up the weekly payments till a month ago, but illness in the home and other things have put me behind, and she is now pressing me. I am at my wit's end to know what to do. I feel I can't shatter my husband's faith in me after all these years of complete trust and happiness."

THIS is indeed a tragic story and it is not one that stands alone. Particularly at Christmas-time is there a crop of such cases. I am not sure that organisations are not gravely at fault for making it so easy for their treasurers to default in this way.

However small the funds may be, it is a golden rule to deposit the money in the Post Office or in a bank week by week. Nothing is easier than to eat into ready money that may be lying about in the house, especially when the family income is small and so many things are needed.

The damage, however, has been done in this case, though I hope that if my correspondent is still acting as treasurer she will take this precaution from now onwards.

But what is her line of action in her present trouble to be? Unquestionably she must make a clean breast of everything to her husband—and at once. I see no other way out of her dilemma.

And what can he do? The answer depends on two pieces of information that are denied me. I am not told what rate of interest is being charged or whether this money-lender is duly registered.

Things are different from even a few years ago. Now there is a maximum rate allowed which limits the amount of the interest that can be exacted, whilst those who undertake to lend money must by law be registered and take out a licence. These points are very material for my correspondent. But, supposing this woman money-lender has kept within the law! Then she is fully entitled to be repaid. And it is up to my correspondent and her husband to see that this is done.

Now, this question of keeping back a secret has some bearing upon my next problem. This letter comes from a young man who tells me that he is twenty-five years old, who has a steady job and a decent home.

"Recently I met a girl, three years younger than I, with whom I have fallen in love, and I have every reason to believe that she returns my affection. Unfortunately, my past is not all that could be desired. When I was twenty-one I was sent to prison for fraudulently converting some money entrusted to me. When I was released I got temporary work and, finally, my present permanent job.

"Now, I haven't told my girl about that episode in my life, for fear I should lose her. My mother advises me to do so, but I have had such a hard struggle to go straight, and now that I am making a success of life I want to forget it. I feel it would break me up to lose her and I daren't risk it."

This letter raises a new question.

That there should be absolute frankness between married people is, I am sure, essential to a happy home.

How much, however, should engaged couples tell each other about their past lives? There are cases where to "tell all" would serve no good purpose, but, on the contrary, cause actual unhappiness. The dead past, *if it is dead*, should be left buried and not dug up again.

BUT there are some things that are too big to be kept dark. And this secret of my correspondent's is one of them. If he is absolutely sure of his feelings for that girl and of hers for him, this past lapse must be told. If he hesitates to let her know now, he is likely to keep on hesitating after he is married.

And there are always nasty-minded folk about ever ready to cause mischief. If she heard about it from another source it might quite easily break up their home. A woman will forgive the man she loves many things—but not deceit. My correspondent's mother is right—that girl should be told and my correspondent is the one to do it.

And here is another problem that can lead to serious trouble. I always feel the responsibility devolving upon me when, as in this case, I am told: "We have agreed to accept your opinion as settling our differences." A young man writes:

"I have been married two years and during this time I have kept up my association with a number of my bachelor friends. On an average, I see them once a week, sometimes not so frequently.

"My wife, on her side, has no girl friends and goes out with nobody except me and her people. She wants me to cultivate married friends, which I am quite prepared to do; but it is not so easy to make new friends, especially as our financial means do not run to clubs and social functions.

"Now she is getting really upset at my keeping up my old associations, and says that if I put my friends before her a separation must be obtained. With the exception of these occasional outings, I am at home nearly every evening and, apart from this difference between us, my wife and I get along very well together."

NOW, there are wives who have every reason for complaint. Some husbands are simply lodgers, and poor ones at that. They are out every night and most weekends. Their homes are simply places where they choose to feed and sleep. And woe betide the poor wives if they are not waiting to receive their "lords and masters" when they take it into their heads to go home!

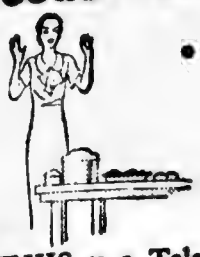
But this is not one of those cases. It would, of course, simplify matters if my correspondent and his wife could find mutual friends. I don't see why that should necessitate "clubs and social functions." But, as things are, the only alternative to those bachelor friends seems to be—no friends at all.

This wife is taking up a stupid and intolerable attitude. After all, her husband is perfectly reasonable. With the exception of an occasional outing, he is at home nearly every evening. Most women would accept that situation without demur.

I hope my correspondent's wife will be one of them. It would be ludicrous to seek a "separation" on such a flimsy pretext.

Philip Inman is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," and is always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

"Her cakes rose higher . . . her fried foods turned out crisp and dainty . . . her steamed puddings as light as a feather"



THIS is a Tale concerning Jenny who was working in an office until she was married and consequently knew very little about cooking. She learnt a lot in the first two years, but her fried fish was always soggy and rather greasy inside. Her cakes could not be relied upon to rise. Her steamed puddings filled one with despair. She tried a few times to do chips, too, but those chips were simply flabby.

* * *

However, one day (this is a perfectly true story) Jenny saw an advertisement for a new cooking fat called Trex and she ordered a Tub of it from her grocer. She tried it first for frying fish.

She found it didn't give off fumes when heated

There are no fumes and no smell at all when Trex is heated. The reason is that Trex stands a *higher temperature* than other fats without breaking down. That *higher temperature* is the whole secret of the success you have when frying with Trex. It instantly seals the outside—and then the inside cooks tender and succulent *without any fat soaking in.* The result is *perfect* fried food—crisp and golden on the outside, soft and fully flavoured inside. One other advantage of Trex for frying—it drains away *instantly and completely* when you lift the food out of it—so that the food is always dainty, never gross.

That is what Jenny found, and that is what *you* will find, when frying with Trex. Jenny tried Trex, next, for making a cake.

It creams so easily

When the recipe says: "cream the fat," you can be certain that, unless you cream the fat very thoroughly, the cake will not be a success. A great advantage of Trex is that it creams instantly. You can't fail to cream it thoroughly. That is the first reason it makes cakes rise properly. The second reason is that it is itself a very light and delicate fat. It contains no water. It is 100% pure fat. It is amazing what a difference this does make in cakes, but you will find, as Jenny did, that cakes rise higher and stay risen when made with Trex. You get a *bigger* and a *lighter* cake.

It makes far bigger and lighter puddings too

For the same reason that cakes rise better, steamed puddings also rise better when made with Trex. Just try this pudding and see how light it is—*Ingredients:*

4 ozs. sugar.	4 ozs. breadcrumbs.
3½ ozs. Trex.	½ teaspoonful salt.
2 eggs.	2 tablespoonfuls syrup.
4 ozs. flour.	2 tabelspoonfuls milk.

Method. Put the sugar and Trex into a bowl and beat up very well with a wooden spoon until the whole is a light fluffy mass. This should take about 5 minutes. While still creaming, add the beaten eggs a little at a time. After the eggs are well beaten in, lightly stir in the flour, breadcrumbs and salt alternately with the mixed warm syrup and milk. Place a tablespoonful of syrup at the bottom of a well greased basin, and then put in the mixture. Cover with grease-proof paper, which should be tied round the rim of the basin. Steam for 2 hours and serve with custard sauce.

It is a more digestible fat

Trex is definitely more digestible than the usual cooking fats. Many people who usually have to avoid dishes containing fat find they can eat them safely when Trex is used.

The tub is so clean and handy

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FACE to FACE with a Wild Buffalo

This is the animated battering-ram upon which our contributor had to test his powers of persuasion—the East African black buffalo, now safely behind the Zoo bars. And see what has happened to one of his horns!

A Greatest Hour

by George BLORE,

Senior Keeper at the London Zoo

MY greatest hour—the most thrilling and perhaps the most difficult I have experienced in the forty-two years I have been a keeper at the Zoo—was when I stood alone face to face with a wild black buffalo on the deck of a ship at Port Said.

In 1924 the Zoological Society had sent me out to Kenya to bring back several specimens of East African "big game," and the black buffalo was one of them. He was valuable. He had already cost me a lot of trouble in getting him so far on the journey home. When the first officer rushed down to my cabin where I was resting that afternoon and told me the black buffalo had broken out of his box "and for heaven's sake come and get him back again," to say that I was anxious is putting it mildly.

I wasn't panicky. When you have handled wild animals as long as I have you never get panicky even in emergencies like the present one. I was not afraid. When I went up on deck to face the beast, outwardly I was calm. One always has to be calm to inspire the confidence of the animal. But underneath the calmness I was all keyed up—strained and really worried.

I wasn't particularly anxious to say good-bye to life at that moment, and an angry buffalo isn't exactly an easy customer to handle. At the same time I didn't want anything to happen to the beast while he was in my charge.

His battering-ram

His box was facing No. 3 hold. It was boarded up only as high as his head both back and front. Above that it was open so that he could get fresh air and see what was going on.

The boards were two inches thick, but because the animal was so strong (he was not fully matured, only three or four years old, but even at that age a buffalo is terribly strong), I had got the ship's carpenter to put a six-inch square wooden beam across the top of the front to strengthen it.

The buffalo's great weapon is his head. On this beast the horns grew right across the top of the head, forming a massive headpiece which, when used as a battering-ram, was capable of shattering almost anything.

In putting him in the box I had been careful to have it made so that there was no room for him to move back and then charge forward. Under those conditions nothing would have kept him in. The box had been made to fit him exactly.

The ship was being coaled and the Arab coolies swarmed all over the deck—chattering, shouting, making an awful din as they worked. The hatch on the hold immediately in front of the buffalo's box was up, and the hold was being loaded. There must have been hundreds of people about when it happened. Probably their noise had frightened the beast. Or it may have been just curiosity on his part.

Anyway, he suddenly took it into his head to have a look at what was going on in the ship, and with his head, smashed the front completely out of his box—strong beam and all. Then quite quietly he walked on to the deck.

It cleared itself as if by magic. Arabs, crew, ship's officers, all got out of his way as quickly and as unobtrusively as possible.

I came up to find the deck deserted, save for the first officer, who, of course, had to see that the animal was satisfactorily disposed of. But even he was not too keen on being about any more than was absolutely necessary.

Luckily I arrived to find the buffalo fairly calm. I saw, too, with relief, that the lead ropes attached to his halter and fastened to the side supports of his box were still intact.

That meant, at least for the time being, that he was secured. But if anything frightened him or made him wild he could easily break those ropes. Then anything might happen

The open hatchway lay right in his path, and if he fell down that things would be serious. The job was to get him back into his box—and as quickly as possible.

I gave strict instructions that nobody was to come anywhere near the deck. It was going to be a ticklish job, and though everybody had made themselves scarce at the beginning, I did not want some inquisitive head to be popping round a corner just at the wrong moment. The carpenter and a couple of men I ordered to stay below ready to come up quickly and fasten him in as soon as I got him back into the box.

Then I approached the animal, for the only thing I could do was to lead him in myself. Fortunately, on the voyage up from Mombasa I had managed to gain his confidence to some extent. It was that, really, that saved the situation. He let me go up to him and make advances of friendship. Then, when I thought he was in a good mood, I went into the box and unfastened the lead ropes. That was the critical moment. Now I was completely at his mercy if he once realised it. It was my wits against his strength. If he turned nasty there was no hope for me. Fortunately he remained docile.

"A bit worried"!

All the same it wasn't quite so easy as leading a pony into his stall. I had to edge slowly towards the box, coaxing him by various means to follow me. I'd get him a few steps nearer and then suddenly he would make up his mind to go back. I had to be patient. I could not hurry him. Yet all the time I knew the risk if he got away.

Do you wonder I was a bit worried. At last I got him up to the box. Then going in front myself I managed to persuade him to follow me. After half an hour's hard work he was back inside and the carpenter was nailing up the damaged front.

With sighs of relief the first officer mopped his brow. "Thank heaven that's over," he said.

"Oh! But it isn't," I told him very quietly. "What do you mean?" he burst out. "Isn't that the last of him?"

"I'm afraid not," I replied. "You saw how he treated the front of his box as if it were matchwood, even though it had been specially strengthened. Well, now he's facing the back of his box. How long do you think it will last against his rough treatment? No! He's got to come out again and be turned round."

You see, the back of his box was made only of wood two inches thick, and part of it was only slipped into sockets so that I could remove it to clean out the box. It had to be left like that. And after our recent experience it did not seem to me at all an adequate protection against this battering-ram.

Not a scratch

So as soon as the carpenter had made the front of the box quite secure, we knocked down the back and I led my old friend out. This time, luckily, it did not take me quite so long to persuade him to be led back. But all the same it was well over an hour before he was in for the last time and I was safely back on deck again.

That, I think, was the most remarkable hour of my life. I knew quite well that I'd been a very lucky man indeed to survive such an adventure without a scratch.

For the rest of the voyage he was continually trying to repeat his performance, and in order to prevent him from breaking out again I was obliged to lash ropes across the front of the box on the inside. Then when he lowered his head to batter the front his horns became entangled in the ropes. That was the only way I could prevent any more little excursions of his on to the deck.

A month after I first took charge of him I landed him safely at the Zoo. He is still with us—a perpetual reminder of my "greatest hour."

Aids digestion after every meal

It's after a meal that you get the full benefit of Wrigley's. It aids digestion by promoting the flow of the digestive juices and gives you a better appetite for the next meal. It sweetens the breath and helps preserve your teeth.

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A useful book containing 100 excellent recipes is offered by the makers of "TREX" Cooking Fat free to every reader who writes to J. Bibby and Sons, Ltd. (Dept. W.1), King Edward St., Liverpool. Enclose 2d. in stamps to cover postage. You'll find the book tremendously useful. See page 23.

GRAVES "QUALITY" BARGAIN BALE

containing Two finest quality White All Wool Blankets, mostly 70 dored, whipped ends, 60 x 84in; 7½lb pair; Two White Fleece Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80in; 4½lb pair; Two White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in. One Bolster Case to match, 20 x 60in; Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in; 4½lb pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 72 x 94in. Price Complete & Carriage (Rail 42/- or 2/3 extra). Drapery Catalogue Post Free. J. G. GRAVES Ltd., SHEFFIELD.

HOW TO HAVE A CLEAR HEAD.

At Last, Here is What You Have so Long Been Seeking.

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Do you get up in the morning with a stopped-up nose? Are your breathing passages clogged with a cold? Does your head feel choked up and dull? Have you that low-spirited feeling which comes from lack of proper oxygen? If so, here is a pleasant, harmless cigarette that will clear out the head, nose and throat.

These cigarettes are the formula of the late Dr. J. W. Blosser, and are composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes contain no tobacco, nothing habit forming, and are entirely harmless. They are used by women and children as well as men. These are not to be confused with the "cubeb" or other similar cigarettes.

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Write immediately to Dr. Blosser, Ltd., (Dept. 121, C.H.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, and you will receive a trial package by return post. Enjoy a delightful surprise by having a clear head.

The small size package, containing 20 cigarettes, is sold by all chemists at 1s. 6d.

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Football's Twelfth Man

ATTACHED to every first-class football club is a man who is doing about twenty times his fair share of the work of the team at the moment, and never getting a bit of the applause.

He is the club trainer, who must be doctor, manipulative surgeon, masseur, gymnast, operator of radiant heat, weight-reducing and other devices, and a dozen other things besides.

He is responsible, among his other duties, for the health and fitness of the players. That is why the steel-hard grounds of the recent heat-wave, which have put out of action as many as seven men in one team and meant that three different players have had to fill one position in the course of a game, have turned his life of late into a nightmare.

You know him well if ever you have been to a first-class match. He is the twelfth man in every team, the burly little man in an inevitable cloth cap who squats on the line near the dressing-room with his small black bag.

He groans whenever a player winces, leaps to his feet when one of his men falls and does not rise again, races on the ground like a terrier if the referee stops play because someone is injured, chafes and frets about the rule which does not allow him to enter the field of play uninvited if a player should be rolling on the ground in agony and the referee has not noticed him, and is even worried when he detects the merest sign of anxiety on the face of a colleague.

"Doctor, manipulative surgeon, masseur, gymnast . . ." The Arsenal trainer treating the injured Hulme

HE is somebody to laugh at if the player should rise to his feet again before the fleet-footed man with the bag can reach him, or if he should do some wise but apparently ridiculous thing, such as throwing water in the face of a man who has been kicked on the ankle.

It is probably because the old-time trainers always resorted to embrocation and a brisk rub when anything happened to a man, and knew no other trick, that he never earns any more recognition than a laugh from people who don't realise that times have changed.

Times have indeed changed as far as club trainers are concerned

Twenty years ago a bottle of embrocation and a sponge were his sole equipment. To-day, in the training quarters of all the leading clubs, he has electric vibrators, sprays and "tubs" for the administration of Red Rock Salt and other baths, trembler weight-reducing devices, ray and radiant-heat devices with enclosures for different parts of the body so that treatment can be localised and thus concentrated on a given spot, a rack of simple medicines which he is quite capable of prescribing, brandy, bandages, splints, plaster for setting broken noses, X-rays, weighing machines and much else besides.

As for the frantic massage of other days, he just inspects the damage, searches until he finds just the vein that he is seeking, deftly strokes the blood through it, and so, bringing new blood to the spot, gives ten times more benefit than the old-time trainer in a quarter of the time—and without pouring with perspiration over the job.

The trainers of former years did sometimes do good to their charges—but it was often by accident. There is the case of a Blackburn player of many years before the war, for instance.

Heading the ball, he cricked his neck in such a way that the crowd and his fellow-players were horrified to see that his head was locked in a sideways and half-reversed direction.

Almost at once they noticed his trainer rushing towards him. They saw him hit him a blow that could be heard by many in the crowd

And the player was well again!

The doctor who came racing on the ground a minute later, and who made a close examination of the player, stated emphatically that in the minute or so before the trainer reached him the player was actually suffering from a dislocation of the spine, and that by a miracle the blow had put him right!

YET that old-time trainer's action was not based on any real knowledge, except that "if a man's head is wedged sideways, well, the only thing you can do is to knock it right"—a very dangerous reasoning.

Our modern trainers not only know how to give fifty different forms of treatment, but they take massage, ambulance and other courses, and put their framed certificates on the club-room walls.

Billy Bettridge, who used to play back for Chelsea, once got his nose in the way of the goalkeeper's fist and sent up a perfect fountain of blood.

It was magical the way the trainer stopped that flood. And so contemptuous was Bettridge that a man who had bled for so few seconds should leave the field that he said: "Oh, go on. I don't play with my nose," and went after the ball.

In a very similar way Reggie Wade, who now plays for Aldershot, broke his nose while playing for West Ham. Within five minutes he was playing again with his nose perfectly moulded beneath a lump of plaster.

These present-day medicine men of football will put themselves under bigger experts to master a particular complaint if one of their players has a particular weakness that makes him liable to it.

Charles Paynter, the trainer of West Ham, for instance, has found out as much as any specialist could know about the mysterious knee of Barrett, the centre-half.

This knee, when brought down heavily with a twisting motion, has a habit of locking. Whereupon, as soon as the necessary permission is forthcoming from the referee, "Charlie" races out, stoops before the injured man, makes strange passes with his hands as if performing some strange Eastern rites, but which really bestow the necessary pats and pushes on the stricken knee—and, hey presto! Barrett leaps up and continues the game.

Bob McNeil, who used to play brilliantly for Chelsea, once got just the treatment many players long for and cannot get. A regular ration of beer and stout, in other words.

Half-way through a season he seemed to go stale. He lost weight.

The trainer, discovering he was fond of a particular mineral water, put him on to something stronger. And within a few days McNeil was gaining weight and playing like a lion.

An easy diagnosis, you might think. But not so easy.

FOR every man a trainer "puts on drink" he must usually knock two off. It is a question of what suits a man, and he has to know. He must know on what diet to put him when he returns too fat from his summer holiday, which happens to be one of the bugbears of a trainer's life.

He must look at a player's eyes every time he reports for duty and read in them whether or no that man has been behaving as no thoroughly fit and trained athlete should, which makes him a wiseacre in time. He must discern whether he is worried—and try to put things right.

He must see the brilliant footballer even in the youth who hasn't the stamina or build for the game and prescribe a code of living that will make him worth his place in the team.

He must even know how to pull out a tooth knocked loose in the middle of the game with a twist of his towel.

It may be easy to rub the fat off a player's stomach with one of those vibrating belts which you will find nowadays in most dressing-rooms, but the trainer has hard jobs as well. In fact, he has to make decisions bigger than any man on the field of play.

A player who has cost £10,000 has been injured. If he kicks a ball again too soon, it may so injure the leg that he will be out of the game for another ten weeks. If he puts off resuming the game too long, gates, League position, takings, and the club's chances in the English Cup might suffer.

It is for the trainer to decide. And if he errs one way or the other, he is responsible.

So think of that when next you see the little man in the cloth cap coming running on the field with his small black bag, and you hear the crowd laugh. The twelfth man in the team is always the most indispensable—although, strangely enough, teams never pay fabulous sums to win them from other sides!

Race with "Silver Ring"

The Big Double

THE weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire will tempt many backers to have a little flutter at bringing off the big double while extravagant odds can be obtained.

In the Cesarewitch I am satisfied with the burdens allotted to Guiscard, Loosestrife and Roi de Paris. With 9 st. 6 lb. Colorado Kid, who is, without a doubt, the most improved horse in training, is not ruled out of the Cambridgeshire.

Limelight, 9 st., and Light Sussex, with 8 st. 3 lb., seem fairly treated, and I intend to include in my little batch the invader from France, Commander III., 8 st 9 lb.

I suggest bracketing my early fancies as follows:

CES.	CAMBS.
Loosestrife	Colorado Kid
Guiscard	Limelight
Roi de Paris	Light Sussex
Guiscard	Commander III.

Popular Alexandra Park will be the venue for backers this week-end. Ladies Awaiting, Douglas and Eleni filly look to be reasonably good bets.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 14, to Wednesday, September 20.

P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M
V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

What a relief!

Tortured, tired, protesting feet —feet years older than you . . . Give them the blessed benefit of a hot foot bath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it . . . Feel their pain flow gently out into the soothing water. Lucky feet, forgetting their troubles, regaining their youth—feet cooled and comforted!

Reckitt's BATH CUBES

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make the water tonic

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A FREE BOOK FOR MOTHERS.

Changeable weather is dangerous for delicate babies—sometimes it's hot, then it's chilly; milk often differs; and now light evenings are drawing in. All these factors combine to make the time an anxious one for mothers, especially young mothers of first babies.

A common-sense handbook of over 100 pages, which deals with all problems of food, clothes and welfare of a young baby, is published by Nestlé's. If any reader would like a free copy, just send a postcard with your name and address clearly written on it, to—Nursery Expert (Dept. J.B.), NESTLE'S, 6 and 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

STOMACH TROUBLE

Prompt Relief

Mr. A. WOOD, 12, Elliot Rd, Prince Rock, Plymouth, writes:—"I had two operations on the Stomach for Ulcers. After leaving Hospital the Ulcers returned, and for six years I have not known what it was to enjoy a meal and every two to four hours I was in terrible pain. I determined to give Vitadatio a trial and from the very first day I am eating and thoroughly enjoy three good meals a day, and have not had the slightest pain or discomfort."

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Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from: *VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds.* V136

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"Anyway, you're never 'at sea' with your Lloyds' Bondman'

Have you tried Bondman? Treat yourself to an ounce to-day. See how easily it packs! Light up . . . one match will be sufficient, for Bondman burns evenly and smoothly to the end. You know what you're getting when you buy Bondman. You can be sure of its natural, fresh fragrance, for each ounce is safely sealed in one ounce Vacuum Tins.

11½d PER OZ. *RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA*

10d PER OZ. *A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS*

LLOYDS **BONDMAN TOBACCO**

SEALED IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

ARE YOU GETTING OLD BEFORE YOUR TIME?

How often do you find you've lost the vitality you used to have? How often do you feel tired and worn out at things you never noticed before? It's only the cares and worries of modern life.

But doctors have found the way to repair the ravages and bring you back the vigour you've lost. It's a simple secret. Yeast. Yeast with its nuclein, its enzymes, its vitamins.

If you will simply take a little Phillips Yeast with your meals for a week or so you will find an amazing difference. If, after your first bottle, you aren't positively delighted with what it's done, just send it to the makers, and they will refund your money in full. Isn't that proof Phillips Yeast does all it is said to?

Really you ought to start this amazing treatment to-day. It doesn't matter what your age is. If you want greater vigour and vitality, Phillips Live Yeast is the one sure way to get it.

But be careful to ask for PHILLIPS Yeast. Then you can be sure it is really Pure Live Yeast with all its properties intact and no added drugs. At all chemists 1/3 a bottle. Family size, 3/-. Write for free Booklet to Phillips Yeast Products, Ltd. (Dept. 12), Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10.

ANOTHER NURSE Uses and Recommends Zam-Buk!

Nurse V. Smirfitt, 32, First Avenue, Leeds, says:—*"For almost any kind of skin trouble, where a soothing, antiseptic dressing is required, I recommend Zam-Buk ointment. I recall particularly a severe case of ulcers which Zam-Buk cured when nothing else could. Quite recently, too, when I had a swollen instep, I rubbed Zam-Buk in and soon all pain and swelling was gone."*

Zam-Buk is absolutely unequalled for eczema, impetigo, pimples, insect bites, bad legs, sore feet, piles, superficial injuries and a host of other skin troubles.

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Of all chemists and stores, 1/3 or 3/- box

CORNS

Gives INSTANT Relief!

Be careful how you treat corns! Use Dr. Scholl's Zino Pads and be 100% safe and sure! These thin, soothing, healing pads end pain in one minute and quickly rid you of corns. By removing the cause—shoe friction and pressure—they positively prevent corns and blisters; heal sore toes overnight. At all Dr Scholl's Depots, Chemists, and Shoe Dealers, per Packet, 1/3.

Don't cut corns and risk blood-poisoning. With more serious troubles consult a Dr. Scholl's Foot Expert free.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone.

City of Crazy People

—It might teach our Lunacy Board a Lot

THE Lunacy Administration in this country is constantly coming in for criticism.

For long JOHN BULL, foremost among its critics, has spared no effort to denounce the worst features of that administration, or to indicate the lines on which much-needed reform can be brought about.

That is why, in this article, we call attention to a remarkable experiment for dealing with the problem that deserves the closest consideration by our lunacy experts.

It is an experiment that, though few people in this country can ever have heard of it, has stood the test of time, and has resulted in the formation of what is stated to be the only town in the world that is almost entirely peopled by lunatics.

The town of Gheel, in Northern Belgium, is given over entirely to the treatment of the insane so that they may continue to lead the free lives of ordinary human beings almost without exception.

Its legendary origin goes back centuries, when it became a sort of shrine to which insane people made a pilgrimage, believing that if they did so they would be "dispossessed of evil spirits."

IN this way it grew to be a tradition among the inhabitants of Gheel to tend to the insane as best they could in their own crude but kindly way. And in due course of time they acquired an innate knack of handling these unfortunates.

Then in 1852 the State stepped in and made Gheel an official Colony for the Insane. The original system of boarding the lunatics with the sane inhabitants was retained and the traditions of "No Restraint" respected.

The Colony was properly organised, and an old madhouse built by the monks for dangerous lunatics was replaced by a modern infirmary where the latest methods of psychiatry are applied.

To-day Gheel claims to be the only town in the world in which a population of over 3,000 lunatics of both sexes lives in liberty, and, withal, under constant care and attention.

Gheel is open to all. There are no restrictions as to age, social position, or nationality, and all creeds are respected and catered for.

For administrative purposes the town is divided up into sections under the supervision of trained attendants. In each section there are public baths to which its residents are invited, but *not obliged* to go regularly.

They have their own rooms, which have to conform to certain standards, in the homes of the sane nucleus of the population, and the social status of each patient is respected as far as possible.

Middle-class people from the cities are put *en pension* with professional men, shopkeepers and the like, while people used to country life are boarded out on farms on the outskirts of the town.

Payment not exceeding £1 10s. per week varies according to the patient's means, while the poor contribute to their upkeep by working as far as is still in their power at whatever trade they used to follow.

Thus artisans and farm-hands still continue to lead useful lives, and their liberty is such that many do not realise that any change has occurred in their lives and that they are, in fact, under surveillance.

Street scene at Gheel. The man is a gentle lunatic quite capable of looking after these children in his care

ALL are encouraged to take up a hobby or to busy themselves in some way. To this end art and other classes are held in order to give the patients an interest in life and make them feel they are useful members of society.

In fact, every effort is made to re-educate the patient and give him a sense of responsibility.

Strange though it may sound, considerable talent is frequently discovered among the patients. An annual exhibition of their work offers concrete proof of the efficiency of the treatment. This untrammelled self-expression through one of the arts or crafts often gives a valuable clue to the best method of re-educating the individual, and numerous cures are obtained by this means where orthodox asylum methods have failed.

When it is known that Gheel receives the greater part of all Belgium's indigent lunatics whose cases are considered hopeless, and that furthermore "incurable" cases are sent there as a last resort from all over the world, including the U.S.A., the latest available figures are enlightening.

In January, 1931, there were 2,986 lunatics under treatment. In the course of the year 490 were admitted, making a total of 3,476 patients under observation for that year. During the year 473 *cases were sent home cured.*

And that was a bad year, for the proportion of cures often reaches 25 per cent. of the patients treated.

It is doubtful if there is an asylum in the world dealing with the chronic cases which reach Gheel that could claim anything approaching that figure; nor boast the 3 per cent. which is the average death-rate among the patients.

It might be thought that while considerable liberty is extended to some, many others pass their lives within the infirmary walls. Quite the opposite is the case, for the infirmary holds only 100 patients while Gheel's insane population exceeds 3,000.

This infirmary is essentially a place for temporary observation of persons with homicidal tendencies. It is more a hospital for the treatment of ordinary ailments than an asylum.

THE number of dangerous lunatics that have to be contended with is very low, for it has been found that the majority who have given trouble in their own homes quickly settle down to an orderly life under the unobtrusive attention of the family with whom they board.

Experience proves that attempts to escape are extremely rare. The patients feel they have nothing to escape from.

The most amazing thing about Gheel is not its methods or their success, but the fact that the system has not been adopted elsewhere.

The competent authorities cannot plead ignorance of its existence, for at an International Congress in 1902 Gheel was spoken of in eulogistic terms as a model institution not only on account of its inestimable therapeutic and social value, but also from a financial point of view.

And the cost to the Belgian Treasury of this State institution is negligible, for Gheel is practically self-supporting.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The fact that defendant left his CAP with the engine running was an offence."

BELFAST NEWS-LETTER:—"Such is the condition into which the Free State has fallen, a condition in which liberty is denied and MARITAL law has to be enforced."

SUNDAY DISPATCH:—"Seizing my CINEMA, I crept forward and speedily got to work."

WEST LOTHIAN COURIER:—"Harvesting was commenced on the farm on Wednesday this week, which is a month earlier than last WEEK."

WOMAN'S WORLD:—"I was very much hurt, until a WINKLE in my old dad's eyes made me think a bit."

EVENING ARGUS:—"—— pleaded guilty to selling peaches on the BENCH."

WESTERN MAIL AND SOUTH WALES NEWS:—"Col. and Mrs. Lindbergh are on a FIGHT in an aeroplane."

DIXON HAWKE LIBRARY:—"Tommy shut his little notebook, SLIPPED INTO HIS POCKET, and finished his coffee."

THE CHRONICLE:—"Heights Chapel is a plain rectangular stone building with two entrances at the west end and two rows of round-headed WIDOWS."

When the days drag, when you know that your vitality is low and life is wearisome—take "Brain Sparklers." They cannot do you any harm, but they will positively revivify the bodily organism and set you free from the fears of mind and body through jaded worn-out nerves. Every woman would benefit from a course of

BRAIN SPARKLERS

There is nothing like them. They are not an ordinary "patent-medicine." They are what your Doctor would advise. But what a difference they make. In place of lassitude—pulsating life. In place of depression—bright, buoyant spirits. In place of despondency and despair—a new fresh outlook that will mean everything to you. Equally good for men, and all for a few shillings. Shadforth Prescription No. 470 ("Brain Sparklers") costs only 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100). You can get all "Shadforth" Prescriptions at or through Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, or any good Chemist, or

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FOX'S GLACIER MINTS REGD

A Booklet on the FACTS ABOUT SLEEP.

For most people regular and sufficient sleep is as necessary as food, water and air. It is a common experience that loss of sleep quickly affects the physical and mental powers and undermines the most robust constitution.

The makers of "OVALTINE," the well known tonic food beverage, have issued a booklet entitled "About Sleep," which describes in simple language what happens when you sleep and contains information which will prove of especial value to all who are troubled by sleeplessness or by inability to sleep soundly.

A copy of the booklet will be sent *free* to any reader of "John Bull" who writes to A. Wander, Ltd. (Dept. "John Bull.") The Ovaltine Factory, Kings Langley, Herts.

A Mother speaks—

"I feel I must write and say how very grateful I feel about "the *wonderful results* I have had since first giving my little "son Nestlé's Milk. It is undoubtedly the finest baby food "on the market. My baby now weighs 21½ lbs. at 7 months; "as he was only 5½ lbs. at 5 weeks, when I first started with "Nestlé's it goes to prove *what a wonderful help your milk has* "*been.* I may say he is as firm a child as any mother could "wish, and *as happy as the day is long.* I have been able to "recommend your Milk to several of my friends just recently, "and will always do so whenever I can."

Mrs. R. H. R. . . ., WALLASEY.

The originals of hundreds of letters from mothers may be seen at Nestlé's office. Gratitude only has prompted them: never, never have Nestlé's asked for them.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

"it never disagrees"

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£800 Won in Crossword Competition No. 227.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following six competitors, who share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £100 will be sent.

R. H. Barwell, 31, Coverton Sq., Balfwell, Notts; H. Broadhead, 122, Filton Road, Horfield, Bristol; N. Catterall, 19, Talbot Grove, Bury; F. Chandley, 2, Friars Road, Sale, Manchester; Miss J. Clarkson, 200, King Street, Dukinfield, Ches.; A. Duley, 122, Wembley Hill Road, Wembley.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 26, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

RADIO GRAMOPHONE AWARD.—A 27 Guinea "Pye" Radio Gramophone was offered to the sharer of this week's First Prize whose figure adjoining winning solution was nearest correct. This Prize has been tied for by:—

R. H. Barwell, N. Catterall, F. Chandley and A. Duley,

each with one error on adjoining square. Accordingly, an additional 27 Guineas will be divided among them.

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 214 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 9s. 5d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" Offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 225.—One hundred and thirty-four competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of 15s. will be despatched accordingly.

Another Greatly Increased X-Word with a three-in-one prize offer appears on Page 32. Try your skill now!

SEND FOR CASH VALUE **40/-** FREE VOUCHER

TURN YOUR SPARE TIME INTO CASH

You can earn 5/- per hour in your spare time by organising a Sartor Club. Absolutely no outlay or experience required. Generous commission to Agents and unrivalled values and selection for Members. Big Money easily earned. AS AN ADVERTISEMENT—FREE GIFT VOUCHERS VALUE 40/- will be sent to ALL who write for particulars of this offer to SARTOR MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.3), Derby Street, Manchester.

FREE FURNISHING CATALOGUES

Solve your Furnishing problems by turning to pages 12 and 23. Free Catalogues and full particulars of these offers can be obtained by filling in the coupons appearing in each announcement.

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19 YEARS A MARTYR TO DUODENAL ULCER

If you had suffered terribly from indigestion for 19 years, what would you give to find the pain vanish like magic after the first dose? Yet read this letter from Mr. R. P....., of Didsbury, Manchester.

"I have been a martyr to Duodenal Ulcer for the last 19 years and have been in hospital six times, and constantly under panel treatment, but they have not done me a bit of good.

"I had been in agony for seven hours the day I bought Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, but when I had taken the first dose the pains and sickness vanished like magic. That is now seven weeks ago and I have not had any signs of the trouble since. I keep taking Macleans and would not be without it, as it has been worth a fortune to me. My friends say I am a marvel, as I could not eat or sleep and was losing flesh every day. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has made life worth living for me now."

Cases like this are common in hospitals to-day. All over the country they are using Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to cure digestive troubles and you can do the same.

But to be sure of getting the perfect product ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name and see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" before you buy. It is never sold loose, but only in bottles, in cartons, in Powder or Tablet form. Price 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle from all chemists.

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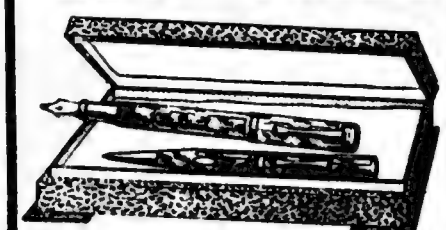

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LIFE'S Most Baffling Question

IT is ironic that life's most baffling question should be the purpose of life. As children, we accept it, forgetting its disappointments in the delight of its joys; but the experiences which come as the years pass bring a deeper significance. We ask not so much What is life? as Why is life?

If we are born to strive, and there is a hereafter, success in this world is surely a poor goal. Perhaps the solution lies not in getting satisfaction out of life, but in being able to feel, at the end, that one is satisfied with oneself.—*M. M. S., Cumberland.*

One Taken . . .

A mother of four children, one of the sweetest and best of women, is taken from them by 'flu. Her sister, a hopeless invalid and cripple, struggling through one serious illness after another, is left.

Then the husband, a splendid father to his motherless kiddies, meets with a fatal accident at work, while the man beside him, a drunkard and ne'er-do-well, escapes unhurt.

This is my experience. Do you wonder I ask why such things are; why are the innocent and helpless made to suffer so? —*E. M. H., Streatham*

Woman's Wisdom

She smiles at me over the table as I write, and once more I am puzzled by the expression of feminine wisdom that lies in its depth.

Married over forty years, the woman who shares my life is just as much a mystery to-day as when, a youth of twenty, I had the good fortune to win her gracious charm without understanding the feminine personality that created it.

Beyond answer from the male mind, feminine thought sets a problem as interesting as it is difficult.—*E. K., Hull.*

Beasts Beat

Human beings are the highest specialised animals in the world. Why, with all their unparalleled intelligence and skill, should the reproduction of their kind be attended with all the misery and suffering, both mental and physical, in so many cases?

On the other hand, that of the lower animals is a perfectly natural event, and produces such a small percentage of failures, both in the mother and her progeny, compared with the human world.—*S. W. Brown, Lancs.*

Tainted

Life's most baffling question to me is the undeniable fact of inherited taints—for instance, insanity, alcoholism and so on. Why should the innocent suffer "unto the third and fourth generation"?

Personally, I have the taint of alcoholism, and, at varying intervals for twenty-five years, have suffered unspeakably from the craving for its satisfaction, often needing medical assistance and occasional failures being covered up.

I hold a responsible position for a woman, and have earned respect, but one uncoverable lapse and all would be lost.

What answer is there to this question of the hardship of heredity?—*X. Y. Z., Suffolk.*

Inborn Traits

How much do environment and education affect the breed or character of any individual?

I watch, with great interest, the development of my child, who has, like all others, many good and some bad points. How often we say and hear said when traits are displayed: "Just like mum" or "Just like dad"!

To what extent inborn traits are affected by education and circumstances will continue to puzzle me.—*Hilda F. Bowles, Catford.*

Wait and See

Which will it be—a boy or a girl? This question, throughout the ages, has stirred the hearts, not only of individuals, but also of nations.

The pre-determination of sex has ever been, and still is, one of life's most baffling problems.

That it has not yet been answered reliably is the more remarkable seeing that not only scientists, but people in every grade of life, diligently seek its solution.—*M. Barnett, London, W.C.*

The Victor

Why has Christianity, with its beautiful creeds, its doctrines of love, unselfishness, forbearance, mercy, failed to overcome the powers of evil, with their devastating retinue of greed, selfishness, hatred, lust?

It pays to be good and generous, yet how little we realise the possibilities of obeying the dictates of the good which is in the worst of us, and how the best of us delight in "getting our own back" when we think that we are the victims of grievances, imaginary or otherwise.—*E. E., Glam.*

Survival

Does human personality survive physical death? What lies beyond the veil? Can there be unrestricted communion between the two worlds?

Faith whispers there is another sphere of justice, brotherhood and retribution. Spiritualism, with its darkened rooms, "rappings" and "controls," but half-answers the question.

Professor Lodge affirms his belief in discarnate "intelligences." Professor Thompson says, "Death means annihilation."

I have exposed fraud at a séance, and seen phenomena which science could not explain. I remain unbiassed, but unconvinced.—*L. Gittleman, Kent.*

Big Handicap

As far as most of us can see, life is a one-way street and we are not coming back; and, when we look around us, the whole scheme of things seems badly arranged and horribly unjust.

Some are born with the proverbial "silver spoon"; others (through no fault of their own) are so cruelly handicapped by heredity, environment and circumstances that they haven't an earthly chance to make good.

Perhaps there is an explanation. It would be comforting to think so, but—nobody knows. Is this our only chance? —*G. Pitt, London, N.*

Transforming Power

All through the ages, poets have sung the praises of Love, but who really understands it—its origin, its tremendous power, its mysterious working?

It is the power which binds mother to child, wife to husband, lover to lover, and friend to friend.

People, for its sake, are transformed into heroes or heroines, while others commit terrible crimes, as the result of jealousy, the outcome of a tragic and overwhelming love for some one.

It is the cause of boundless joy—to love and have; it is the cause of unutterable sadness—to love and lose.—*A. B. C., Wallington.*

* * *

Why do the nicest men marry the most unlovable women? The more generous and idealistic the man, the more readily he falls a victim to some heartless "gold-digger" possessing no qualification for wifehood or motherhood, while scores of born home-makers he ignores.—*D. V.*

Is life a battle where the innocent shall suffer and the wicked shall thrive, or is it a game where the weak shall be shouldered aside and the strong shall survive?—*E. K., Tinsley.*

I see women who have no idea or desire of motherhood with little babies, women who cannot afford one child with half a dozen, ailing mothers with sickly babies. I ask myself why it is that I, who am happily married to the man I love, both desiring a baby more than anything on earth, are denied the most wonderful of God's gifts.—*E. V., Grove Park, S.E.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, September 19.

When I Laughed Last

SOCCER SELECTIONS

By Our Expert. Matches played on September 16

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) HUDDERSFIELD v. Stoke.
(2) LIVERPOOL v. Leicester.
(3) W. B. Albion v. Newcastle.
(4) BIRMINGHAM v. Blackburn.
(5) Chelsea v. Aston Villa.
**(6) DERBY v. Leeds.
(7) Manchester C. v. EVERTON.
*(8) PORTSMOUTH v. Wolverhampton.
*(9) WEDNESDAY v. Middlesbrough.
(10) SUNDERLAND v. Sheffield U.
(11) Tottenham v. ARSENAL.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) PORT VALE v. Bradford C.
*(2) PRESTON v. Forest.
(3) SWANSEA v. Southampton.
(4) Bolton v. Bury.
(5) OLDHAM v. West Ham.
(6) BRADFORD v. Grimsby.
(7) BRENTFORD v. Manchester U.
*(8) BURNLEY v. Plymouth.
(9) Lincoln v. Hull.
(10) MILLWALL v. Fulham.
(11) NOTTS COUNTY v. Blackpool.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) EXETER v. Boscombe.
**(2) LUTON v. Newport.
(3) ALDERSHOT v. Norwich.
(4) SWINDON v. Orient.
(5) BRIGHTON v. Bristol C.
(6) BRISTOL R. v. Reading.
(7) CARDIFF v. Torquay.
**(8) C. PALACE v Watford.
(9) GILLINGHAM v. Charlton.
*(10) NORTHAMPTON v. Q. P. Rangers.
(11) SOUTHEND v. Coventry.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Southport v. Hartlepools.
(2) WALSALL v. Barrow.
(3) ACCRINGTON v. Tranmere.
(4) YORK CITY v. Doncaster.
(5) WREXHAM v. Chester.
**(6) CHESTERFIELD v. Rochdale.
(7) CREWE v. Halifax.
(8) DARLINGTON v. Mansfield.
(9) GATESHEAD v. Barnsley.
(10) N. Brighton v. Stockport.
(11) ROTHERHAM v. Carlisle.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) MOTHERWELL v. Aberdeen.
(2) Third Lanark v. KILMARNOCK.
(3) Airdrie v. Hearts.
(4) Dundee v. Queen's Park.
(5) Ayr v. RANGERS.
**(6) CELTIC v. Hamilton.
(7) COWDENBEATH v. Q. of South.
(8) HIBERNIANS v Clyde.
(9) Partick v. St. Johnstone.
(10) St. Mirren v. FALKIRK.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—6 (*H*); Div. II.—2 (*H*); Southern Section—8 (*H*); Northern Section—6 (*H*); Scottish League—2 (*A*) would indicate Derby, Preston, Crystal Palace, Chesterfield and Kilmarnock.

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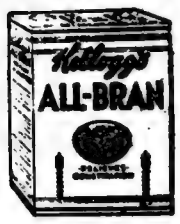

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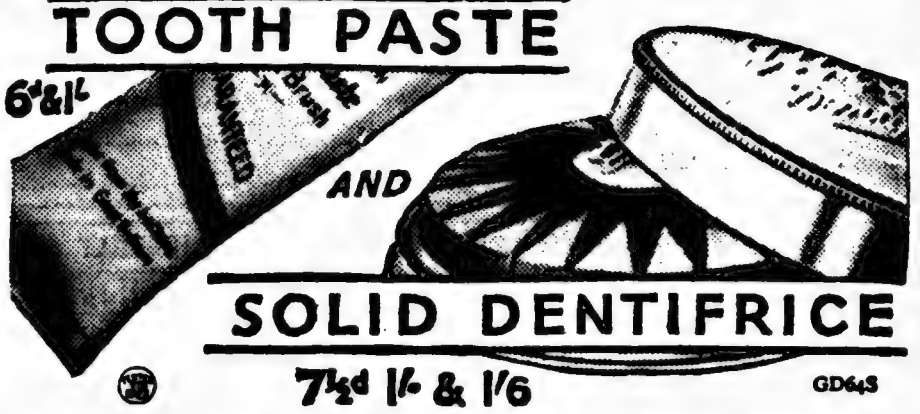

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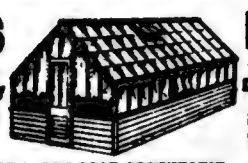

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9ft.	6ft.	7 ft.	4ft.	£8 15 0	8/6	9ft.
10ft.	7ft.	7½ft.	4 ft.	£9 17 6	9/6	10ft.
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	4ft.	£10 0 0	11/6	12ft.
15ft.	9ft.	8ft.	4ft.	£7 15 0	14/6	15ft.

SPAN ROOF GREENHOUSE — or 7/6 deposit with order and 11 monthly payments of 7/6

Lth.	Wth.	Ht. to ridge.	Ht. to eaves.	Cash Price	Or. Pd.	pyts.
7ft.	5ft.	7ft.	4ft.	£8 15 0	8/6	7ft.
9ft.	6ft.	7 ft.	4ft.	£9 15 0	9/6	9ft.
10ft.	7ft.	7½ft.	4 ft.	£5 17 6	10/6	10ft.
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	4ft.	£10 0 0	14/6	12ft.
15ft.	9ft.	8ft.	4ft.	£9 15 0	17/6	15ft.

VILLA SPAN ROOF GREENHOUSE — or 10/6 deposit with order and 11 monthly payments of 10/6

Lth.	Wth.	Ht. to ridge.	Ht. to eaves.	Cash Price	Cr. Pd.	pyts.
5ft.	7ft.	6ft.	4ft.	£6 15 0	6/6	5ft.
7ft.	6ft.	7 ft.	4ft.	£8 17 6	10/6	7ft.
9ft.	7ft.	7 ft.	4 ft.	£7 2 6	13/6	9ft.
11ft.	8ft.	8ft.	5ft.	£9 10 0	16/6	11ft.
13ft.	9ft.	8ft.	5ft.	£11 17 6	21/6	13ft.

FOR OTHER DESIGNS SEE CATALOGUE. NOTE OUR SIZES—LENGTH, WIDTH AND HEIGHT.

ALL SECTIONAL HUTS

The MARVEL Suitable for Tool Sheds, Potting Sheds, Cycle Houses and numerous other purposes. Can be adapted for small Pavilion, Dressing Room, or Canteen for Sports Clubs. Substantially constructed, the four sides and roof in complete sections ready to screw together. Strongly framed and covered with ½ in. planed, rebated, and moulded weatherboards. Door hung on strong hinges, complete with necessary fittings, window complete with glass. Roof covered with ½ in. rebated boards and bitumen roofing.

5/- Secures Delivery CASH PRICE **22/6**

THE MARVEL HUT NO. 162A.

5/- Deposit with order and 11 monthly payments.

Lgth.	Wdth.	Ht. front.	Ht. back.	Cash Price.	Floor Extra.
4ft.	4ft.	6ft. 6in.	5ft.	£1 2 6	6/6
6ft.	4ft.	6ft. 6in.	5ft.	£1 5 0	7/6
6ft.	4ft.	6ft. 6in.	6ft.	£1 15 0	8/6
7ft.	5ft.	7ft. 6in.	5 t.	£2 10 0	10/6
9ft.	6ft.	7ft. 6in.	6ft.	£3 5 0	15/6
10ft.	6ft.	7ft. 6in.	6ft.	£3 15 0	£1/5/0

ALL SECTIONAL MOTOR HOUSES

Made in six complete sections, constructed on strong framework and covered with well seasoned ½ in. planed, rebated, and moulded weather-boards. Double doors in one end, hung on strong hinges, complete with lock and key. Nuts and bolts supplied. Roof supplied in complete sections, covered with ½ in. rebated boards and bitumen roofing felt, making all thoroughly waterproof. Window with sliding shutter at side giving ample light, with glass complete.

STRAND MOTOR HOUSE.

10/- Secures Delivery CASH PRICE **67/6**

10/- Deposit with order and 12 monthly payments.

Lth.	Wth.	Ht. Rd.	Ht. Ev.	Cash Price.	Floor and joists made up extra.
9ft.	6ft.	7ft.	6ft.	£6 15 0	15/0
10ft.	7ft.	8ft.	6ft.	£5 0 0	£1 2 6
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	6ft.	£8 0 0	£1 10 0
14ft.	8ft.	8ft.	6ft.	£7 0 0	£1 15 0
16ft.	8ft.	8ft.	6ft.	£8 0 0	£2 0 0

FOR ASBESTOS AND OTHER DESIGNS IN MOTOR HOUSES SEE CATALOGUE.

FREE DELIVERY by Lorry or Rail

RUSTIC HOUSES from 30/-

HOT WATER HEATING APPARATUS For Greenhouses, Garages, etc. From £3 Carr. and Pkd. Terms.

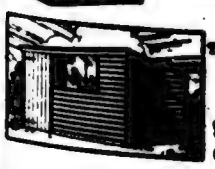
FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

CUT OUT and send in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. .....



The ERATALL Poultry Houses from 22/6 or 1/3 mthly.

GARDEN FRAMES from 18/6 For other Designs see List.

BATH'S 5-7, Southampton St. Strand, London, W.C.2

If it's **LEG TROUBLE** *You Must Have* **'ELASTO'** For Free Sample See Back Cover.

CARES FOR YOUR SKIN IN THE RIGHT WAY

CUTICURA

Your skin deserves the best. Count on **Cuticura Soap** and **Cuticura Ointment** to keep your skin at its best always. The medicinal and healing properties of the Soap not only thoroughly cleanse the skin, but are most beneficial and helpful to it. If you are troubled with pimples, rashes, eczema or other skin eruption the Ointment will quickly heal them.

Cuticura Talcum, perfected by the makers of the world's leading facial and medicinal soap, is ideal for dusting, for baby and for after shaving.

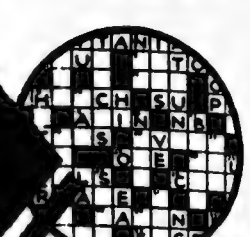
Sold at all chemists.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d.

WIN *FOUR* BIG PRIZES for solving this Puzzle!

25/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE AND **FINE NEW FIRST PRIZE £250** AND **£25 BIRTHDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE**

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £600



Big Extra Prize of 27gn PYE Radio Gramophone

for First Prize-winner if chief award is won outright. Should First Prize be shared, the Radio Gramophone will be won by the sharer whose solution adjoining winning square is nearest correct.

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6d. ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

SEASON TICKETS BONUS VALUE £2

for all winners registered for "John Bull's" weekly "Crossword Gazette" by closing date—providing £6 free entry forms. Use "Bulletin" registration coupon on "Bulletin" page

£8 WEEKLY FOR LIFE AND **£1,000 NEXT WEEK.**

NOW comes your last opportunity before our Double Record Offer to win four fine prizes for solving a single puzzle! A 25s. Weekly Life Pension, a £250 cheque, a £25 yearly Birthday Cheque and a 27-Guinea Radio Gramophone may well result from a quiet half-hour with our Compiler's problem below.

You will find this week's puzzle, with its Commonsense Clues, the finest possible training for next week's Giant Contest—and remember, as you solve it, that success may mean a life-long income as well as a fat cheque and nightly entertainment for years.

See that your squares are in by noon, Thursday, September 21.

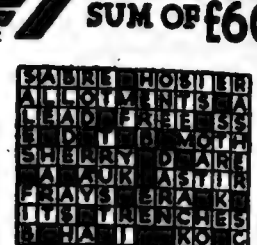
"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 25/- a week, a Birthday Cheque yearly of £25 and £250 cash (or a lump sum of £600 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those Competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 28, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 5, 1933.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Famous liner torpedoed during war
4. Perfume
9. Performers
11. Although
12. Makes cottage picturesque
15. Allied by nature
18. They shine at night
20. Each
22. Where you see pigs
23. Be in debt to
24. Long fish
26. More of these fish
28. Counsel argues yours
30. Consumed
33. Swallowed
36. It provides warmth
37. Keen
38. Vessel used for towing
39. It needs a strong man to take this
40. Differs according to country

CLUES DOWN

1. What's taken by burglar is this
2. Keep this dry or it loses its usefulness
3. They throw dust in one's eyes
4. Old form of "no"
5. We stop him and buy them
6. Put in tune
7. Drunkard needs one before they close
10. Where tramps are often seen
13. New bowler's put on as the result of his efforts
14. Another name for a sailor
16. Travels over land and under water
17. Human machine won't go without it
19. Another form of "yes"
21. "Aye!"
25. What new dance frocks cover
27. Blades are made of this metal
29. Describes a good many of our laws
31. Man who is this is often respected
32. Keep your hands away when one meets another
34. Afternoon meal
35. Number of years

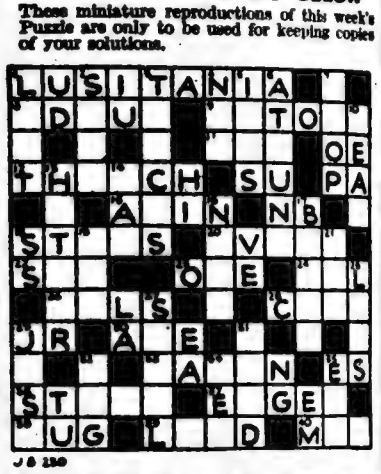


Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 228.

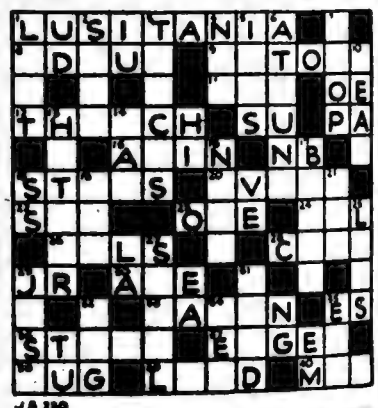
Winners in 227 on page 29. Result of 228 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 228 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



J & 230



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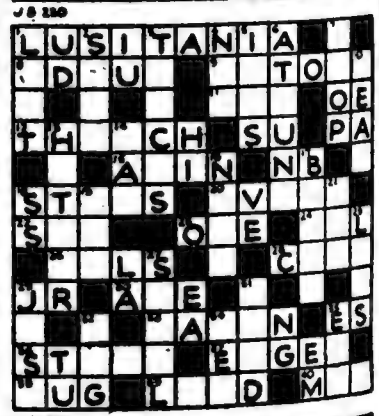
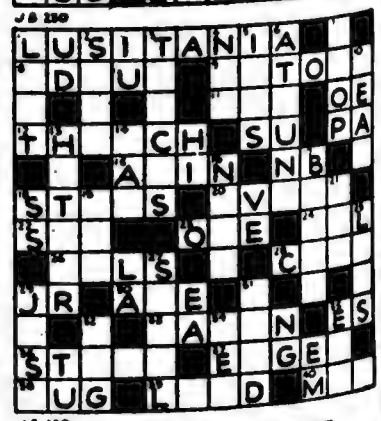
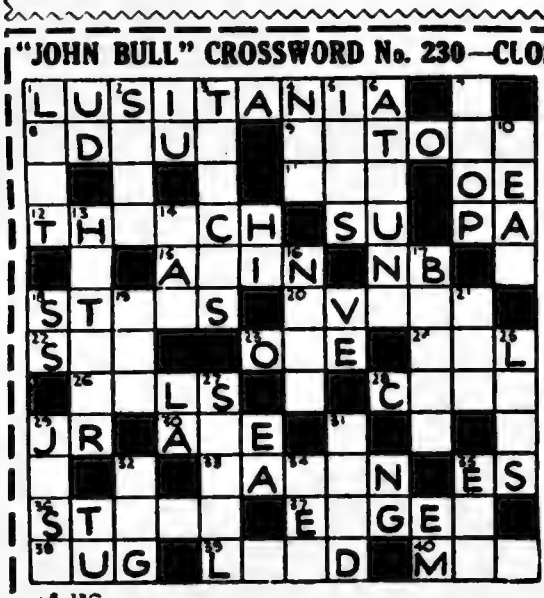


J & 230

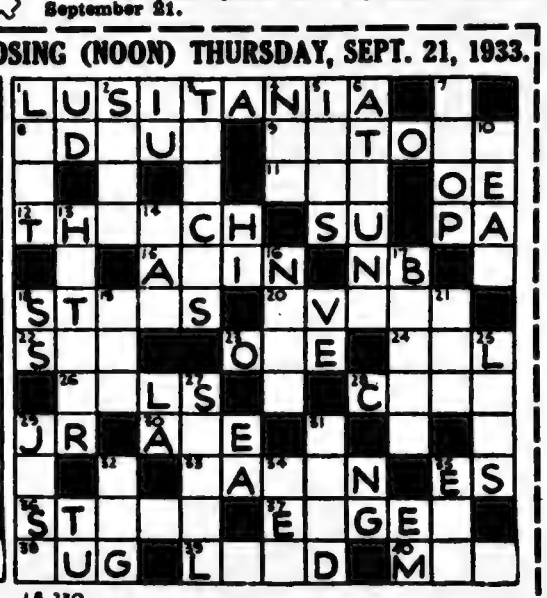


J & 230

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 230—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, 1933.



J & 230C



J & 230

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

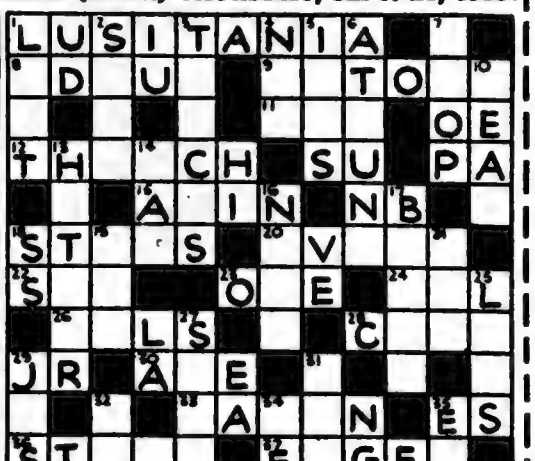
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 230—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, 1933.

J & 230



J & 230

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 21, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 5, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, October 17, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £600 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

Address Entry

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 230, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to fictitious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The EDITOR Laughs LAST

H. M. (Hampstead).—"It gets on my nerves to hear him say the same thing night after night." Does he say "Time, gentlemen, please"?

SMOKER (Knutsford).—"Strong cigars are the best." They don't break so easily.

A. B. (Ballater).—"After two hours of fishing in the Dee, I got only one bite." From a wasp?

T. R. (Ely).—"What would the average man do without the wireless?" Stop at home in the evenings.

HIKER (Histon).—"Young people don't lie abed on Sundays now." Of course not—aren't they the rising generation?

POLITICIAN (Aldeburgh).—"Apparently many a man cannot see what's right under his nose." Or he'd shave it off?

BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER (Lowestoft).—"The heat waves have been a god-send to us." Yes, they destroyed our appetite.

H. P. (Aldershot).—"Bending exercises are splendid for making one slim." But not elbow-bending.

G. M. (Walton).—"Rome was not built in a day." But you must remember they hadn't got Mussolini then.

S. B. (Shelford).—"How soon does a one-pound note get worn out?" Can't you keep one long enough to find out?

R. W. (Worthing).—"Nobody wants to be down-and-out.' Except the nervous man experiencing his first aeroplane trip.

T. Y. (Camberley).—"What do people smoke cigarettes for?" Watches, fountain pens, flannel trousers, radio sets, silk stockings, furniture, etc.

W. A. (Chelsea).—"Whenever my wife and family ask me unpleasant questions I find rest and quietness in a little book." A cheque-book?

L. J. (Bath).—"In the old days most girls did not marry until they were twenty-five." Nowadays, they are not twenty-five until they marry.

M. H. (Herts).—"Never trust a girl who says she loves you more than anyone else in the world." It may prove she has been experimenting.

R. P. K. (Downe).—"I can tell you who is the man of the moment in Mexico." A moment is just about as long as he'll last.

MRS. D. (Durham).—"I would follow my man to the ends of the earth." Then there is little chance of his ever leaving you.

C. D. S. (Preston).—"During the fine weather many a man goes out in the morning full of the joy of life and what happens?" He comes home soaked.

CRICKET GROUNDSMAN (Ely).—"Although I have had this job for years, I still get drunk with the joys of our national game." And roll down the pitch?

M. H. (Dover).—"I have just returned from my holiday, and can clearly recall the final scene of waving palms." We had to give a lot of tips when we left our hotel.

TOURIST (Lincoln).—"While in Italy, one of our party suddenly vanished and we ran for dear life." Probably he had taken a few drinks and saw the Leaning Tower of Pisa for the first time.

B. L. (Shrewsbury).—"What ought I to be able to keep a car on?" The road.

W. A. (Torquay).—"There's no such thing as love in a cottage." Nowadays it's a little flat.

F. N. (Bourne).—"Can you get me out of a hole?" Sorry, but we do not keep ferrets.

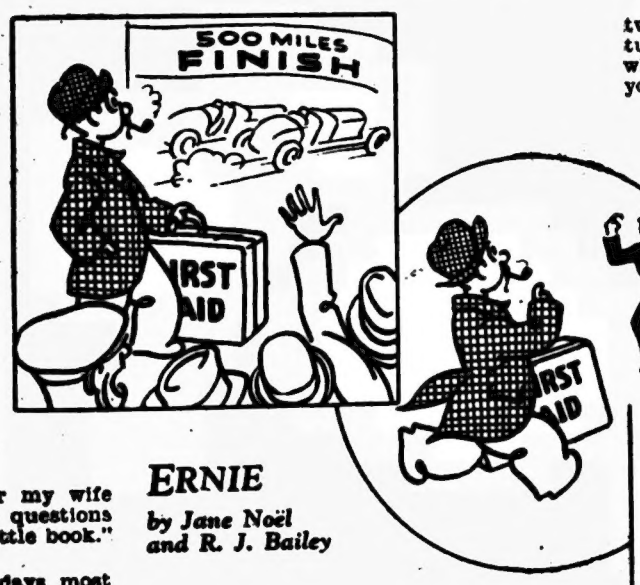
F. A. (Finchley).—"I make people happy wherever I go." You mean whenever?

NATURALIST (Penzance).—"I came here to study bird life." Seagulls or sea girls?

H. F. (Bury).—"There is always an aftermath to a holiday." More tan than tin.

P. V. (Barrow).—"One firm made £7,000 from weight-reducing medicines in a year." Profits in round figures.

BILL G. (Newborough).—"What do golfers mean by 'addressing the ball'?" We would not dream of printing it.



ERNIE

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

M. D. (Birmingham).—"Is there anything that annoys a Scotsman more than putting 'N.B.' on an envelope addressed to Scotland?" Yes: "C.O.D."

J. S. (Walthamstow).—"My champion Alsatian kept a rate-collector at bay for three hours." That's something for you to add to the dog's pedigree.

A. P. (Wood Green).—"The summer creations this year have been full of the weirdest eccentricities." You are not very gallant.

S. B. (Gorleston).—"I have met a charming dancer who showed me some new steps by moonlight." And you sat on them?

MEDICO (Cardiff).—"It is not advisable to bathe on a full stomach." We dived on to one during our holiday and its owner was furious.

D. T. (Holborn):—"When my young woman writes to me she invariably puts three crosses at the end of the letter." Perhaps she has at some time been a barmaid.

R. Y. (Elstree).—"I see that a film actor is to remarry the wife he divorced eight months ago." Evidently he does not like the idea of having to break in a new set of relations.

A. B. (Westerham).—"What is the best time of life?" From now on.

M. S. (Chelsea).—"My husband lies in bed all day." The untruthful wretch!

S. P. (Grantham).—"I sent him something for his pains." A good doctor!

O. L. (Staines).—"Suddenly I ran away from the policeman." A bolt from the blue.

HORTICULTURIST (Bridgwater).—"Much has been done by grafting." And many by graft.

C. R. (Leeds).—"I put up a fine score at cricket the other day." Were you in charge of the score-board?

I. L. (Brighton).—"My wife says cooking exhausts her." Perhaps she beats her eggs till stiff.

CONSTABLE (Surbiton).—"Is my job an occupation or a profession?" Neither; it's a walk in life.

MISS K. (Barnes).—"A big wave suddenly swept in at our seaside resort." And some "bathers" suddenly bathed.

D. N. (Yeovil).—"Coloured canvas shoes are fashionable." A new market for rejected masterpieces.

ENTOMOLOGIST (Fairford).—"Wasps indulge in racing." We saw a man pacing one only the other day.

C. B. (Wades Mill).—"Who first described the horse as the friend of man?" Probably a bookie.

J. A. M. (Hinxton).—"People say I have a sweet disposition." Well, look at your initials.

T. M. (Grendon).—"The man who delivered the coal seemed annoyed because I would not give him a tip." He gave you a black look?

B. N. (Grantham).—"A man in a rural district of America keeps chickens on the roof of a savings depository." Another run on a bank.

J. N. (Cambridge).—"When the history of the present age is written it will be just one long series of wars and fights." A kind of scrap-book?

W. K. (Lambeth).—"Our picture galleries seem mainly to exist for courting couples to wander in." Art for heart's sake.

P. M. (Frome).—"Athletes can learn a lot from animals." The end man of a tug-of-war team should study the stance of a thrush dealing with a worm reluctant to leave its hole.

V. E. W. (Rowley Gate).—"I have only two sound teeth in my head, but fortunately for me they meet each other when my mouth is closed." What fun you must have chasing a pickled onion.

A. M. (York).—"Get up every morning at dawn and have a brisk walk." And, sooner or later, a wakeful neighbour will joyfully spread the story that you come home with the milk.

J. S. C. (Plymouth).—"There must be over ten millions listening to the wireless every night in this country." To whom we are soon adding ten more families. Have you seen the huge cash and Radio Gramophone offer on page 35?

W. S. (Oundle).—"A famous painter says that the average fishing boat is an ugly sight." A nasty smack in the eye?

B. P. (Marlow).—"Gargling will kill 'flu germs." The trouble is to get the little devils to gargle.

M. U. G. (Paisley).—"To make sure the builder wasn't swindling me, I watched my new house go up, brick by brick." Were you buying them by the dozen?

H. B. (Walsall).—"Archæologists report that they have excavated the thumb of a million-year-old Peking woman." Maybe if they look a little further they'll discover a million-year-old Peking man under it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

QUICKEST WAY TO GET RID OF CORNS

ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

The most painful corn can't hurt after you apply a drop of 'Freezone' Brand Corn Remover. Two or three applications and the worst corn comes right out! No more corn—no more torture! 'Freezone' Corn Remover *stops pain instantly* and ends every kind of corn in a few nights. Ask Boots', Taylor's, Timothy White's or any other good chemist to-day for a 1/3 bottle and remove that corn!

Castols

NO MORE CASTOR OIL

The safe, pleasant aperient for children and adults, approved by 24 years' experience. No discomfort. No change in diet necessary. Not habit-forming. Everybody needs a laxative occasionally—and everybody likes Castols. You will find them really good.

One Castol (three sections) is a dose for an adult. One or two sections for children according to age.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

TEST TO-NIGHT—
FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

Thick, Strong Wavy New Hair

Co. KILKENNY.

Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued and the hair is now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.

M. J. MURPHY.

SAMPLE OFFER: Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's scalp and hair. For dandruff, weak or falling hair, dry scalp and hair, and BALDNESS. You may obtain a testing package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap by sending fivepence in stamps to:—

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, PERCY STREET (58.WW), LONDON, W.1.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan. A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal, external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/3.

HOLIDAYS are over — another term has begun. Clanging bells are once more calling the children to school.

While many boys and girls are escorted across the busy main roads by their parents, it is no rare thing to see children who make the journey alone darting through the traffic, escaping disaster by inches.

Every year, hundreds and hundreds of children are hurt in road accidents, much as "Safety First" is preached.

Practical Sympathy

Have you the right to call for practical help and sympathy in the event of one of your little ones meeting with misfortune? Could you look to JOHN BULL for a cheque to cover the inevitable extra expense which follows disaster? Would you be able to pay the doctor's bill—to buy those little "bedside banquets" without putting your hand into your own pocket?

"John Bull's" Guardianship

You can, if you sign the forms below and put yourself under the guardianship of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance! **Remember, that Benefit for Children's Accidents is only one of the many features of this unique Insurance Gift, which covers Home Accidents, Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness, and includes many other Benefits.** Against these dangers JOHN BULL covers you and yours freely. Why not sign now? It only takes a minute, but this simple act may have a tremendous bearing on the future happiness of yourself and your family.

Sign and post these forms—at once!

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 16/9/33.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

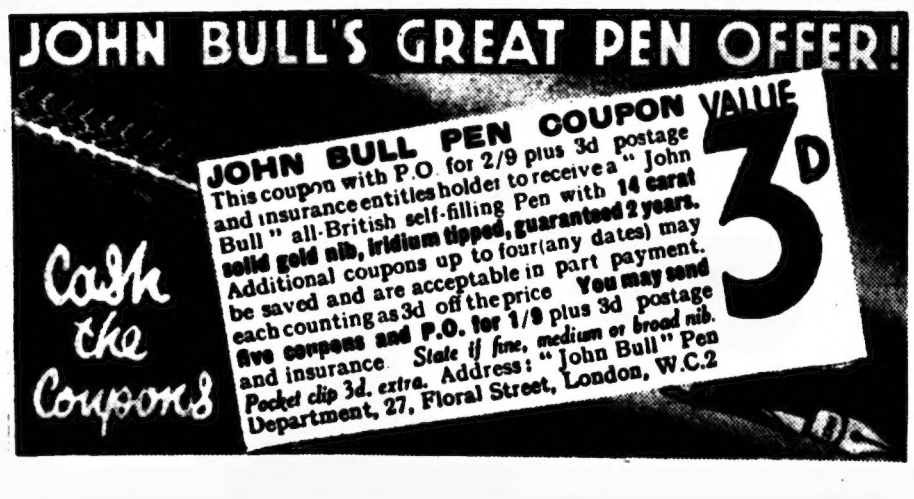
.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 16/9/33.


JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON VALUE 3D
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2
Cash the Coupons

She Waded into "Bullets" and Netted £450

Fortune's tide has rolled in for her

WHEN the grey-haired woman you see here was enjoying a quiet week's holiday at Bournemouth, little did she dream of the tremendous thrill that would greet her on her return to her London home. Freed from the cares of housekeeping, she just paddled a little and dipped occasionally into her favourite hobby of *Bullets*.

Her holiday soon came to an end, and late one Friday night she returned with her husband, a veteran London County Council official, to the comfortable little house at 19, Cowper Road, Hanwell, which has been their home for twenty-four years.

Her daughter opened the door—with more than a welcome in her smile. "Look at this telegram, mother!" she cried.

A great feeling of joy came over Mrs. M. D. Leak as she read JOHN BULL'S congratulations on winning the first prize of £400 and a £50 Christmas cheque in *Bullets* No. 905. Security, extra comforts, a few luxuries—what a world of difference that magic message meant to her!

It was fitting that the effort which brought this wife and mother the success for which she had striven for years was the neat and homely comment, ALL FATHER CAN DO—WHISPER "GET WELL, BABY!"

"Yes, I have been entering *Bullets* for longer than I'd like to admit," she said to a JOHN BULL man. "In fact, I won a 5s. prize with my first attempt before the war.

"Then I dropped *Bullets* for a time," she went on, "but eventually I decided that they were the one competition that suited me. I ordered *Bullets Bulletin* and settled down to enter regularly.

"I found the *Bulletin* most helpful," Mrs. Leak declared, "and have won a good many minor awards, but nothing greater than 10s. I have no special time for making *Bullets*, but think them out whilst I'm doing my housework and when I'm sitting sewing in the evenings.

"I was a school-teacher before I was married," the winner continued. "*Bullets* have kept my mind active and brought me countless hours of enjoyment. The priceless little *Bulletin*, a real love for *Bullets* and perseverance have been my principal aids to success."

"There will be good use for my prize-money," she said. "My husband will soon be retiring. We have brought up our son to be a wireless expert and our daughter has just passed into the Civil Service—now we can have something for our own future!"

Mrs. Leak has no intention of giving up her beloved *Bullets*. "I shall still go on trying," she declared, "so that I may have other successes, perhaps an even greater one."

Asked what advice she could offer to other competitors, Mrs. Leak said they should take encouragement from the way she jumped from the ranks of minor prize-winners to the very peak of the prize-list. "Keep your faith in the judges," she concluded, "and never give up!"

After you have considered what a splendid reward this busy housewife reaped after persevering with her *Bullets* all these years, seize the opportunity offered you on the opposite page and win an even greater first than came to Mrs. Leak.

Even if this should be your very first entry there is no reason why, by following the simple instructions provided, you should not make a *Bullet* worth £500 and a 27-guinea Radio Gramophone.

OVER £1,000 AWARDED — COMPETITION No. 906

FIRST PRIZE OF £500 PLUS £50 CHRISTMAS CHEQUE:

Mr. G. HART, 7, George Street, Rugby.
Example:—HER MOTHER
Bullet:—MAKES SERGEANT SEEM MOTHERLY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. R. HOOD, Sinnington, York.
Example:—Shock For Our Suburb
Bullet:—Pub—Getting Over It!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. B. THOMAS, 10, Ivy Terrace, Ynysbwl.
Example:—When He Kissed Her
Bullet:—"Stealing" That *Began* "Reform."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

FOURTH PRIZE OF £15:

Mrs. E. MASON, 5, Foley Street, Wednesbury, Staffs.
Example:—He's A Diplomat, So
Bullet:—Showed Mother-in-Law Birds Migrating

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. F. G. Markham, Goodnestone, Canterbury.
Example:—Another Chance
Bullet:—Beats "Branding"—Mark That!

5 PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

W. CHESTERTON, 37, Mautland Street, Houghton-le-Spring, Co. Durham.
Lonely Man—Bare-headed, She's Gained "Crown."

L. G. EDEN, 11, Innage Road, Birmingham.
Lonely Man—Caree: Carved—Dining Alone.

H. MOODY, 14, Oakfield Avenue, Manchester.
He Lit His Pipe And—"Light" Appeared In "Wood."

Mrs. B. MORRIS, School Cottage, Bockleton, Tenbury Wells, Worcs.
Flickering Flame—Near This "Celluloid" Peace.

E. SIBLEY, Longdon, Rugeley, Staffs.
Her Mother—Easily Upset—Yet Immovable!

5 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

W. F. D&W, 61, Clapham Road, London, S.W.
Every Night—"Burning Candle" Duns "Lamps."

W. E. HAWES, 34, Belle Vue Road, Ipswich.
Frightened Her—Hubby's Cough, Not Growl.

W. RICHARDSON, 6, The Warren, Hardingstone, Northampton.
[illegible] His Pipe And—Overcame Gnats—And [illegible]gons."

J. ROSSER 32, Prospect Street, Plymouth.
Every Husband Knows—Evasion Means "Dodging Things."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. SCOTT, Ballinluig, Strathyre, Perths.
Her Mother—Waltzes In—"Band Plays."

5 PRIZES OF £4 EACH:

Mrs. ATKINS, "Hillmore," Brambletye Road, Redhill.
In Desperation—Photographer Offered Baby Camera.

W. BROWN, 15, Broughton Drive, Nottingham.
Flickering Flame—Through Stained Glass, Beacon.

Miss G. BUCK, 7, The Pavement, Childs Hill, London, N.W.
Her Mother—Enemy In The Camp-*bed*.

O. W. FOSTER, 117, High Street, Norwood, S.E.
When He Kissed Her—Nurse Marked Chart "Normal."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

R. THOMSON, 16, Camnetham Street, Stonehouse, Lanarks.
He Lit His Pipe And—"Setting Thames Afire" Forgotten.

5 PRIZES OF £3 EACH

E. BROWN, 15, Bernard Street, Nottingham.
Enemy At The Gate—Seems Unnecessary To Ireland.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. H. SMITH, 15, Kiddman Street, Liverpool.
Lonely Man—Spent Lifetime "Isolating" Germ.

A. M. WARDELL, 200, Norwood, Beverley.
Another Chance—"Gamble" Court Missionary *Encourages*.

H. WATLING, 14, Green Lane, Maghull.
Her Motner—Tells You—Yells, Too.

L. R. WIGLEY, 151a, County Road, Walton, Liverpool.
Put Off—War Pageant—Ground Muddy!

A list of 50 £1 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

As announced in connection with this contest, each winner of £1 10s. and upwards will receive an additional Holiday Bonus of £2 10s.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

THIS WEEK ONLY... CLOSING SAT. SEPT. 23....
10 BIG CASH PRIZES...
each with a 27 Guinea RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£500
AND... 27 GUINEA PYE
RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£50 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£25 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£20 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£15 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£10 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£9 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£8 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£7 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£6 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
YOUR RADIO GRAMOPHONE...
will be one of the same magnificent "PYE" instruments which enable scores of past winners to enjoy nightly radio and gramophone concerts. It can be supplied for use either with Electric mains or Batteries, and will be a source of lasting entertainment for your home.
"Indeed a splendid instrument, and typical of 'John Bull.'"—E. F. Baird, Hillsborough, Manor Way, Whitechurch, Cardiff.
"I cannot say how delighted I am with this magnificent instrument which we have installed without the slightest trouble."—Mrs. M. Craig, 54, Langham Road, Teddington.
"The 'Pye' Radio-Gramophone arrived in perfect condition. It is a really marvellous machine and has already given great pleasure."—Miss I. Palmer, 23, Salisbury Road, Hove.
10 PRIZES OF £2·10s. .... 25 OF £1 .... 500 OF 2/6 ....
2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS' .... 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES ....

Win a Big Cheque and Radio Gramophone!

WHAT a wonderful *Bullets* programme has been arranged for you by JOHN BULL this week! There are ten big attractions, each consisting of a substantial cheque, plus one of those luxurious 27-Guinea "Pye" Radio Gramophones which are filling scores of *Bullets* homes with melody these darker evenings.

In no other competition to-day can you win such magnificent 2-in-1 prizes—and yet you can make up a *Bullet* worthy of that fine First of 500 and a Radio Gramophone after spending a little time with the simple instructions.

If you would like to pay one of these big cheques into the bank and provide your home with nightly entertainment for months to come, see that some *Bullets* from your pen reach Long Acre by Saturday, September 23.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet* you will find it a good idea to first jot down as rough notes anything that strikes you in connection with various Examples, remembering that each comment must have a close bearing on the particular *Example* used.

Now a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR well-chosen words, so you must compress and polish up your rough notes accordingly.

For instance, suppose you were working on the *Example*, DOMESTIC DRAMA. From the rough note, *When Dad Comes Home "Speechless,"* you could readily produce the finished *Bullet*, DOMESTIC DRAMA—"LINES" FORGOTTEN—DOWN." PROMPTING."

To help you to breathe the *Bullets* atmosphere, study carefully the good points of the winning *Bullets* printed on the opposite page.

Then go ahead with your own efforts and within the next half-hour you may well make up a *Bullet* worthy of a place in this week's "Big Ten."

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

WHEN THE WORLD'S ONE
HINT FOR RAMSAY
DANGEROUS ROAD
IN THE DARK
WHEN HE MET HER
ONE EVENING
FATAL MISTAKE
WEDDING-BELLS
TROUBLE IN STORE
THANKS TO HITLER
I EXPECT
DOMESTIC DRAMA
AS USUAL
AT THE POLICE COLLEGE
HAVEN OF REST
NEW STAR
TO ORDER
PANIC IN THE STREET
SCREAMS
AGAIN AND AGAIN
KNOCKING AT THE DOOR
FIERCELY
YOUNG PEOPLE
LOSING GAME
YOU NEVER CAN TELL
EASILY
HANDSOME APOLOGY
MODERN BRIDE
IN HIDING
HE TOSSED THE COIN AND
PRINCELY INCOME
SONNY'S CAREER
STANDS ALONE
NEVER FORGET
PALS
UP TO THE MOMENT

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(969) Closing SAT., Sept. 23 — P.O. No. ____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed ____ Address ____

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(969) Closing SAT., Sept. 23 — P.O. No. ____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed ____ Address ____

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(969) Closing SAT., Sept. 23 — P.O. No. ____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed ____ Address ____

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(969) Closing SAT., Sept. 23 — P.O. No. ____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed ____ Address ____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 969, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Couplets Courier*.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed & Co.) payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* commencing with the next available issue.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

SENSATIONAL 21st BIRTHDAY ANNOUNCEMENT NEXT WEEK

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

The original cheques for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 965 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. H. Baily, 127, Cromwell Avenue, London, W.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 969 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

£750 FIRST NEXT WEEK ... AND MORE RADIO GRAMOPHONES

Do You Dread STAIR CLIMBING?

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by the Wonderful New Biological Treatment—Elasto.

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What users of Elasto say:

"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active at 80."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins completely gone."
"All signs of Phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"I would like to recommend Elasto to all sufferers."
"Had rheumatism so bad I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Elasto should be more widely known to the public."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."

These extracts are taken from letters received from people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful *new* blood treatment—ELASTO

Not Magic, But Acts Like It!

We claim full Proprietary Rights in this Preparation. There are no Substitutes for Elasto.

"No Sign of Varicose Veins Now."

How grateful I am I gave Elasto a trial! My leg had been bad for years, but now, thanks to your wonderful treatment, there is no sign of varicose veins, and I feel ever so well in myself. My friends all say how young I seem. I nip about like a girl of 18, and yesterday I rode 30 miles on my cycle. I cannot speak too highly of Elasto, and to think the cost is so small. I don't think that any woman should be without Elasto, quite apart from leg troubles, and I shall keep a bottle by me.

(Signed) Mrs. A. WASSELL, Luton Lodge, Luton Hoo Park, Luton.

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

FREE

A generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day — NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ELASTO THE COMMON-SENSE TREATMENT.
Whatever therapeutic theory may be fashionable at the moment, one indisputable fact will always remain and that is that a sound circulation and prophylactic blood form the basis of life and health. Elasto is based entirely upon this common-sense physical fact.

A Wonderful NEW TREATMENT THAT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS

What is Elasto?

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose ailments, rheumatism and leg troubles generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological treatment which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming diseased conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective treatment ever devised.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Elasto corrects varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also corrects piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

We invite you to test Elasto Free. Simply fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd., Sole Proprietors of Elasto (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Don't long for relief; get Elasto and be sure of it!

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co. Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please Print in Capital Letters)

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

My Ailment is .....

John Bull 16.9.33.

Don't long for relief — get Elasto and be sure of it!

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